

THREE YEARS' SPORT
IN MOZAMBIQUE

VASSE

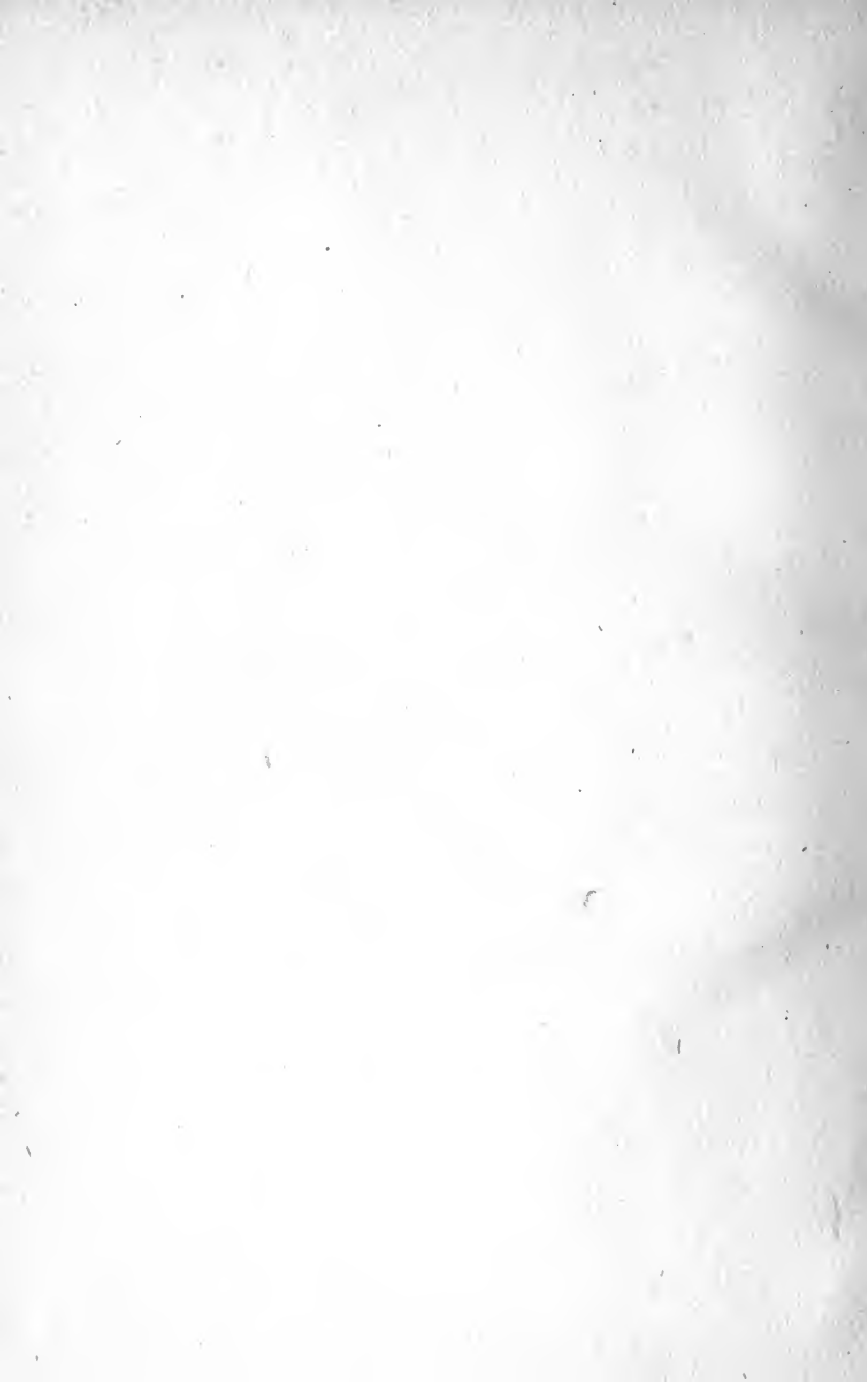




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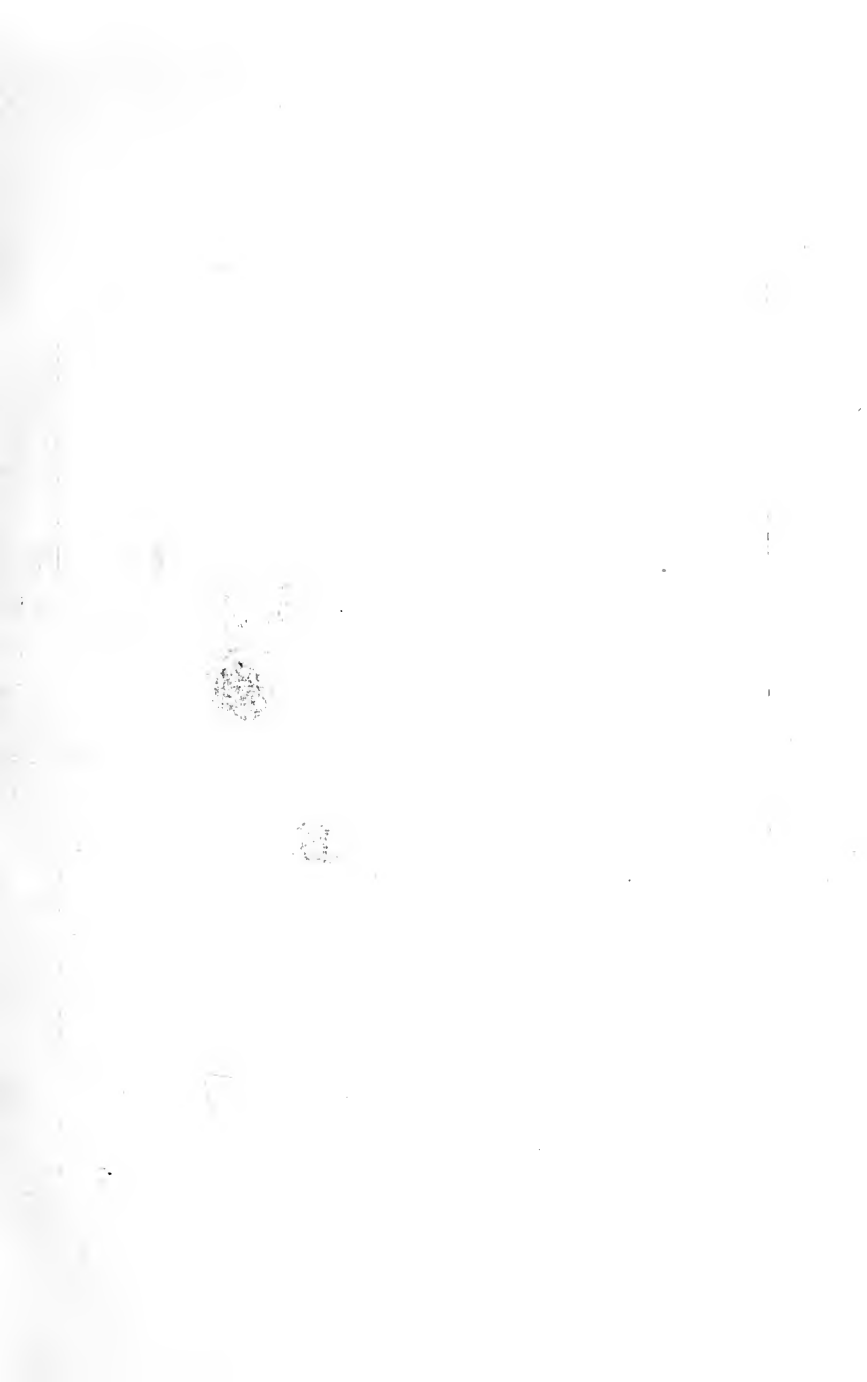
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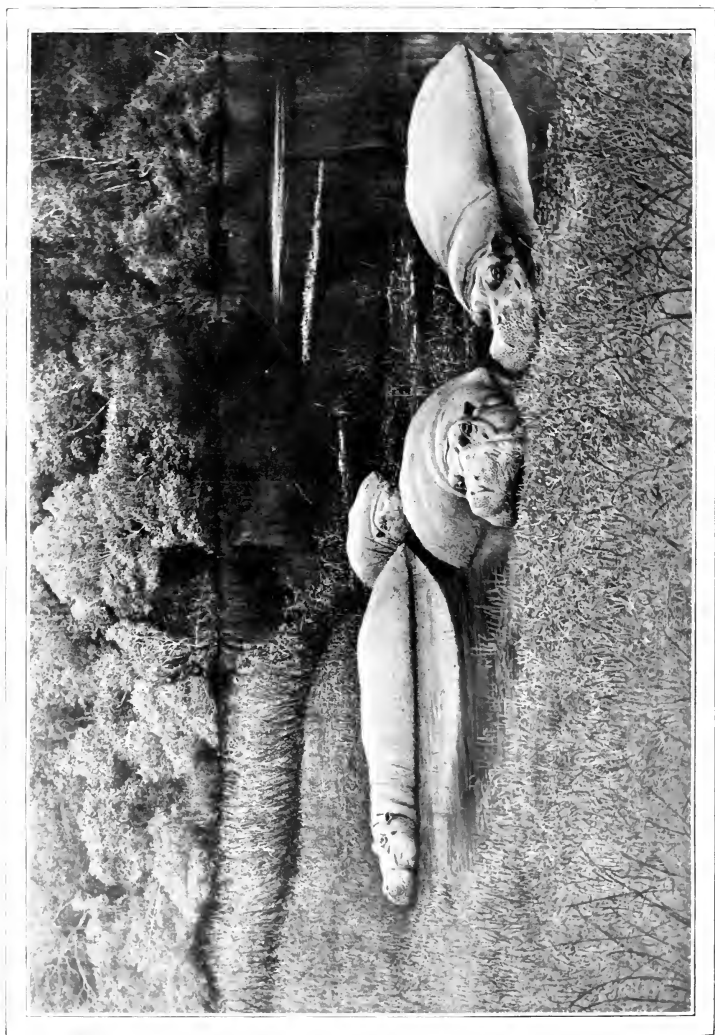




**Three Years' Sport in
Mozambique**

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HIPPOTAMUSES ON THE BUSI

Three Years' Sport in Mozambique

BY
WILLIAM VASSE
Guillaume

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
R. & H. M. LYDEKKER

WITH EIGHTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Have you done well in asking me to introduce to the public the charming volume in which you relate the history of the three years of your eventful and useful life which you spent in Mozambique? It is not without misgiving that I have decided to write this introduction, a task which should have fallen rather to one of your seniors in the exploration of the Dark Continent, if not to one of your rivals in hunting lions and other African big game.

If I yield to your affectionate entreaties it is because I feel that the work will be a real pleasure besides a duty of friendship; and, conscious of my incompetence, I also find encouragement and consolation in the thought that the reader who has read many others will not cut the pages of this preface, but will quickly pass on to the animated pages of your book.

For the sake of those brave and conscientious readers who will wade right through this preamble, I want to give you the reasons for this whim, which has nothing paradoxical about it.

As you are aware, I have never done any shooting in the tropics, and sportsmen will understand the extent of my regret. I am not, however, jealous! I have eagerly read all the accounts of the travels and hunting experiences of great explorers, of those lucky sportsmen, those "fine shots" who have enjoyed most delightful sport in all parts of the world.

Intense as are the emotions of the sportsmen of old

PREFACE

Europe in the presence of the finest boar, the most splendid stag, carrying upwards of twenty points, or, still more, in the case of the most favoured in the presence of an old wolf or the finest brown bear, these pale in comparison with the peerless joys of the Nimrods who hunt lions and the great game of Asia, Africa, or America, and who, before winning the glorious trophies, have experienced the petty disappointments incurred in hunting the lion, tiger, buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, or the fierce grisly !

You must have repeatedly experienced these manly emotions, and you make them live again for us in these pages with a sobriety and sincerity as simple as impressive.

How many times, and for how many years, have I dreamed of being able to experience the joys of this great sport !

Alas ! too often our lives are not what we should have wished ; and now that my hair is turning white and the dreams of my youth are still unrealised, a book like yours, instead of reviving my regrets, makes me forget them. Like yourself, and so many others, I am always especially attracted by Africa, that mysterious continent until lately so little known, which, although we may not realise it, fills our minds with hopes and visions of new discoveries. For instance, does not the case of the okapi justify all imagination ?

I will, therefore, follow you in spirit through your hunting experiences, which I am so well able to appreciate ; but I must not forget, my dear friend, that your second expedition to Portuguese East Africa was not wholly inspired by sporting considerations.

You must now listen to my next statements.

PREFACE

If I have introduced the hunter to my readers, I must not forget that he is also a learned explorer and an expert in many sciences, who is practical as well as theoretical, and has a methodical mind and an extraordinary capacity for work. How much scientific knowledge does the perfect explorer require when he is left to himself, far away from everything and everybody? He must have, if not a deep knowledge of all these sciences, at least a considerable acquaintance with zoology, including ornithology and entomology, botany, geology, mineralogy, hydrography, ethnography, astronomy, meteorology, topography, anatomy, etc. He must be clever with his hands, acquainted with a number of trades, and be something of a doctor, surgeon, chemist, engineer, mechanic, gunsmith, blacksmith, gardener, taxidermist, photographer, and even cook.

He should be proficient in most kinds of sport, combining good shooting with the true science of hunting, and should have considerable physical strength, good health and spirits, and above all great enthusiasm.

Four years before this trip you had occasion to make a kind of voyage of reconnaissance to Mozambique. It was the remembrance of this first trip that made you think of hunting there in the future, and on the way home you formed in your mind the plan of a new expedition, properly and scientifically organised.

It is as a real explorer, charged with an official mission from the Minister of Public Instruction, and with various missions from the Museum of Natural History and the Botanical Gardens of Marseilles and Havre, that you have returned, having lived three

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years in the region you wished to explore in every sense of the word, and having completed its geography by discovering the whole course of the Pungwé.

When one thinks that you have sent or brought back to the Museum more than twenty thousand specimens of either animals, plants, or minerals, many of which are entirely new, and one remembers that you have prepared all the specimens of animals yourself so that they might arrive in a good state of preservation, and that you kept a diary the whole time, and have also furnished the Minister of Public Instruction with several official reports, one wonders how you were able to accomplish all this work and endure such fatigue. I should be very ungrateful if I did not here publicly renew to you the thanks of the St. Hubert Club of France. Have you not also found time to send me articles for our illustrated Review which excited a well-merited interest, and have you not made an invaluable gift to our great Society in offering it your splendid series of trophies, which are to-day the finest ornament of our Council Chamber?

Your fortnightly correspondence enabled me in some measure to follow you step by step across the African veldt, and your photographs, which I developed as they came, illustrated your letters by shewing me the country and the scenes of your exploits. You have thus given me the pleasure of a voyage of discovery, and I can, as it were, live over again for myself the most noteworthy days of your life in tropical Africa.

If you had not published your book I had quite decided to return you those letters, which you wrote

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off-hand between two fine shots, so that you might publish them.

Besides being a résumé of your notes on your travels and work during the three years you spent in Mozambique, your book is a work as complete as interesting. In its turn it adds a stone to the monument raised by all those who have endeavoured to reveal to us the secrets of the Dark Continent. It does not really need a preface. The reader will readily appreciate its style and precision, which both show that you are not new to such work. The frame is worthy of the picture ; the illustrations which adorn the text, faithful reproductions of your precious photographs, do the greatest credit to Messrs. Hachette and their artists.

I have endeavoured, my dear Vasse, to unveil to your readers all that your modesty would have passed over in silence. I have one more revelation to make to them :

You have been accompanied by the most devoted companion, the bravest and most admirable assistant. I know with what self-effacement, but also with what energy and patience, Mrs. Vasse has helped you in your work. I cannot refrain from holding her up to the respectful admiration of your readers. It is only fair that having suffered hardships with you she should now share your honours.

How justly proud you must have felt when your pupil brought down her first leopard, and how many sportswomen can enter two of these beautiful creatures in their hunting-book !

Although game is daily diminishing in Africa, decimated by Europeans who are too often not sportsmen but destroyers,—hemmed in on all sides by

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negroes enlisted and armed by certain white men to get ivory or skins for them, there is still enough big game, including lions and pachyderms, in Mozambique to attract thither a certain number of your readers, who are eager to beat your records of lions and leopards.

To those who desire to follow you in the same country, your account of your trip will be a most trustworthy and practical guide, and your experience and advice will render them invaluable service. This will be the best deserved and greatest success of your very charming book.

Yours very sincerely,

CTE JUSTINIEN CLARY.

VER-SUR-MER.

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THREE YEARS' SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

CHAPTER I

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

ARRIVAL at Mozambique—My Armament—Installation at Manica—Our First Hunting Expeditions—The Bushbuck—The Duiker—The Klipspringer—The Dog-Faced Baboon—A Bold Genet—Bird-shooting—The Rainy Season—Magnificent Spectacle of Fires Kindled by the Natives—Meeting a Compatriot—Kafir Modes of Fishing—Snakes.

ON the tenth of June, 1904, after a passage of thirty-five days, the steamship *Kanzler* landed my wife and myself at Beira, the capital of the Portuguese territory, governed by the Mozambique Company. Forty-eight hours later, having gone through the usual formalities and necessary custom-duties, we took, at nine o'clock in the evening, the mail train which runs twice a week to the Cape through Rhodesia. But we were not going so far, as our terminus was Massikessé, the centre of an important mining district, bordering on the British frontier.

We had with us a considerable load of provisions, cartridges, medical stores, clothes, implements, etc.,

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which were absolutely indispensable to the kind of work involved by the mission entrusted to me by the Minister of Public Instruction and rendered equally necessary by the stay of three years which I wished to make in this country. The object of this mission was to put in order and complete the geographical work of various French travellers, and to bring home collections and as many important documents as possible respecting the fauna, flora, and other natural sciences, including ethnology. This long journey had been in some measure prepared for by a former visit of seven months to Mozambique that we had made in 1900.

Not wishing to weary the reader by enumerating everything we took with us, I will limit myself to a few remarks concerning my weapons. For shooting big game I have a certus-rifle, taking three cartridges, charged with cordite, of 450 calibre, a "sporting" Mannlicher rifle, firing five smokeless cartridges. Both these weapons are sighted up to 320 yards. A small "La Française" rifle, a hammerless 12-bore, and a 20-bore for my wife completed our armament.

At the end of a seventeen hours' journey made wretched by the heat, the train set us down at Massikessé. Situated on an immense plain, surrounded by hills on high mountains, Massikessé is not an ideal place of abode in European eyes. The sun's rays are scorching, and the marshes along the river Mineni swarm with mosquitoes which propagate fever



NATIVES OF MANICA

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

freely : there were, however, important reasons why this site was chosen. The railway, which it was very difficult to lay down in this mountainous country, could only cross at this spot, and the establishment of Massikessé was the necessary consequence of its coming.

I must not, however, omit to mention that everything possible has been done to make the place healthy. An old commandant of the district, the captain of the Andrada engineers and the real founder of Massikessé, has made regular streets there, which are spacious and shady. The town possesses a hospital, and there is even a sanatorium built on the mountain. There are some fine brick-buildings to be seen, but there are also too many hideous little houses of wood and corrugated iron, veritable ovens in which the inmates must be nearly baked alive. The third day after our arrival we took leave of the commandant, Major de Bellegarde, and his delightful family, and set out for the Mangota mountains, where we intended to make our first camp.

To facilitate our moving, I hired a large wagon drawn by four oxen and four mules. It is a conveyance only to be found in this region, which is one of the few places where domesticated animals have not to fear the tsetse-fly (a relation of the one which gives sleeping-sickness), and where they are able to live unless attacked by hæmaturia, rinderpest, or pneumonia. The wagon stopped at the foot of the mountain which it could not ascend, and thirty

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Kafirs whom I had requisitioned performed the steep climb on to the plateau where I wished to encamp.

In the evening the coolies reached the spot, the heavy baggage being far behind owing to the slowness of the team. We passed the night as well as we could, and next day the wagon rejoined us. My boxes being very heavy, I decided, in order to lighten them, to divide some of their contents to be carried by the coolies. This proved an unfortunate precaution, costing me part of my medical stores, which was stolen by the natives. I believe the thief imagined he had found an assortment of sweets, and I would give a great deal to see his grimaces the day he tastes a packet of ipecacuanha. Be this as it may, I shall have to replace the stolen medicines, which is expensive in a country where a pound of medicated wadding, to be bought for a shilling at home, costs nearly ten times that amount. Doctors and chemists must certainly make their fortunes very quickly in Mozambique.

I decided to install myself on a terrace on the side of the mountain ; a few yards beneath which a lovely stream flows through the midst of a magnificent forest. As I intend to spend several months among these surroundings, I am erecting a durable camp, and for this purpose am making use of my thirty natives. I have traced a spacious circle on the ground, the circumference of a large hut, our future



THE SOUTH AFRICAN HARE

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

bed-room. It is to be constructed in Kafir fashion of stakes bound together by an intervening basket-work of bent bamboo, and covered on both sides with clay. The framework of the thatched roof is also made of bamboo. With great difficulty we were able to construct a window-door with the remains of planks, which is cleverly hung on a hinge furnished by a fragment of a bottle. A spacious rack holds the weapons and cartridge-bags, and boxes provided with pegs take the place of cupboards and chests of drawers. There is a dressing-room against the hut. Opposite our bedroom is the reading-room; the dining-room being on the right. A few steps lower down are the kitchen, the hen-house, and the garden, where I have sown the grain brought from France.

I have also to think of means of communication, and as the path by which I came here is impracticable, I am making another which twists round the mountain and at the end of ten miles joins the main route from Massikessé to the valleys of the Revoué and Chimezi. We are at a considerable altitude (3,900 feet); although, high up as we are, we are nevertheless surrounded by mountains towering above us. There is only one gap, which is to the northward, whence the river Muza flows past us to join the Revoué. From this opening can be seen the vast plain bounded by the hills of Bendwla and the valley of the Pungwé.

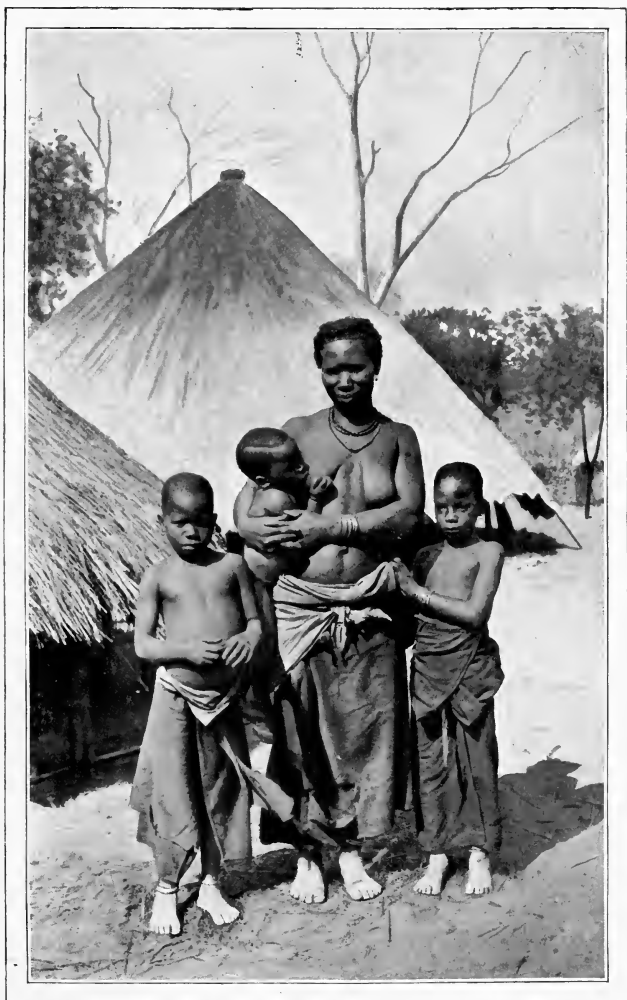
Except in the neighbourhood of the water-courses,

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where vegetation is luxuriant, the country is covered with thin scrub. The trees are mostly stunted, being apparently unable to grow strongly in such arid soil. I am speaking of the unfortunate trees that have escaped being felled by the miners to be used in supporting their galleries.

So soon as we were settled in camp, we wandered about the neighbourhood collecting insects, plants, and birds. As for mammals, they are rare. What remains of the larger game, decimated a few years ago by rinderpest, has perished by the shots of the miners.

There are only a few specimens of the smaller varieties of antelope, which can move with rapidity, and are very wary, while, owing to their size, they are more easily hidden by the dense vegetation. The first and commonest of these is the bushbuck. About the size of a fallow-deer, the bushbuck is a graceful animal. If one looks for it in the flat country, it is to be found in the smaller forests where grasses grow abundantly. If, however, it is sought for in mountainous country, this animal is more likely to be met with in ravines overgrown with the most fantastic vegetation I have ever seen. There lianas, brambles, and bindweed are so entangled as to form a network which greatly impedes the hunter; india-rubber vines (*Landolphia kirki*) hang from the tops of the gigantic trees, making grottoes of verdure where the bushbuck likes to sleep during the heat of the day. About four o'clock in the afternoon, in places where it



A MANICA WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

is not in the immediate vicinity of man, it emerges from its shelter to feed.

Where numerous warnings have taught it prudence, it will not leave its retreat until the evening twilight. It will then wander about all night, sniffing the wind so as to be warned of the presence of the leopard. Dawn finds it still browsing greedily on the young shoots covered with dew, and the sun rising over the mountains will not disturb it. But when the piercing rays have dispelled the morning mist the bushbuck will retire to the thicket to digest its food.

Knowing its habits, it is easy to hunt this antelope. Early in the mornings or late in the evenings it must be looked for cautiously, with a favourable wind, at the edge of the thickets. If one does not desire the toil of repeated climbs and difficult descents, one must wait for it. In the shades of evening one must then take up a position where the animals have been seen to return, and be on the look-out and ready to act, being on the alert at the breaking of the smallest branch or the slightest leap of the monkeys at play.

If, on the contrary, one happens to be a keen sportsman, regardless of thorns, and the treacherous beans, the bristly pods of which hang over the path, one must endeavour to distinguish the fugitive silhouette of the surprised bushbuck in the depth of the ravines, as it hastily springs through the broken branches. When shooting this creature in covert, I cannot too

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

strongly recommend the employment of a 12-bore, which is quite sufficient to bring down the animal, especially if it is only loaded with buckshot. In the open, however, it is better to take a rifle, a Mannlicher, for instance.

The male bushbuck, fawn-coloured at first, becomes grey with age. The coat is spotted with white, the delicate legs being ornamented with white fringes. The graceful head is crowned with sharply-pointed horns,¹ which are formidable weapons against dogs and also against the unwary sportsman who is in too much of a hurry to approach his victim. It will make him smart for his rashness.

The flesh of this antelope is delicate and tender, affording a savoury dish to the traveller and the hunter. On this account the Kafirs wage deadly war against it. Not only do they use arrows and fire-arms, but also various kinds of snares, which I will endeavour to describe briefly.

The first kind consists of a solid thong fixed to a sapling. An ingenious system of twigs keeps the sapling bent, and the snare is spread open on the ground. As soon as the animal puts its foot in the running noose, the stem rights itself with a jerk, tightening the cord which has caught the animal's foot. This snare is sometimes complicated by a large

¹ Good bushbuck-heads range between sixteen and eighteen inches. The "head," in sporting phraseology, means the skull of an animal embellished with horns. The measurement of the horns is taken from the base to the tip along the outer curve.



A FEMALE BUSHBUCK

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

piece of wood or a block of stone, which, when the trap is sprung falls, guided by the cord, on to the animal, breaking its back.

The other kind of trap for small antelopes is a pit, varying according to the size of the game to be taken. Like the nooses, these pits are placed in paths frequented by the animals, barriers of thorns being cleverly arranged so as to prevent the animal from wandering off the track. The opening of the pit is skilfully hidden by light boughs covered with grass and sand. Sometimes the bottom of these pits is furnished with a long spear of hard wood on which the animal is hurled by its fall, and violently impaled.

The bushbuck has also to reckon with the battues which the Kafirs generally organise when they burn the grass. The population of several villages, divided into two parties, guard the sides of a valley; at the windward end they set light to the scrub, while at the other end is stretched a large net into which the maddened game rush and are killed.

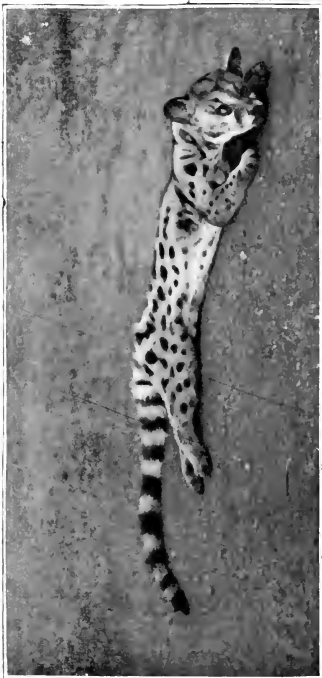
The bushbuck is also tracked by other foes. At the time when it cautiously emerges from its retreat in order to feed, a heavy weight may fall on its withers, powerful teeth be implanted in its neck, tearing the jugular vein and carotid artery, and throwing it panting on the ground, the unhappy victim of the leopard. Or it may be clasped by a living lasso, rapid, cold, and powerful, which crushes it in its strong embrace: this is when it has become the prey

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of some gigantic python. The traveller halting by a pool sometimes hears a despairing bleating. He hastens to the water and sees nothing but ripples on its surface, which vanish as they widen. Having been seized by the muzzle as it stooped to drink, the antelope lies at the bottom of the pool, near the crocodile by which it has been seized.

With so many enemies it seems surprising that there are any bushbucks left, especially as the female only produces young once a year between the months of June and October. During the period of gestation the male lives apart, and the pair resume their normal life when their offspring is able to feed itself. Bushbucks are usually met with singly or in pairs. When the male seeks the female, it frequently calls it by a kind of sharp bark.

Although having eight native names, the bushbuck is generally designated *bavala* (Sena dialect) or *zoma* (Changané language). To zoologists it is known as *Tragelaphus sylvaticus*, which, like the name bushbuck, refers to its partiality for thickets. A relative of this antelope is also to be found in this region: namely the harnessed bushbuck (*Tragelaphus scriptus*). The only differences distinguishing them are the horns which, in the case of the male, are closer together, and the coat of both sexes, which is striped with white instead of being spotted. The Kafirs do not appear to make any distinction between the two varieties.



A GENET



A, FEMALE KLIPSPRINGER

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Another antelope, smaller than the bushbuck, but equally agile, also affords moments of delight to the hunter in these mountainous regions. This is the duiker, (*Cephalophus grimmii*), which the Kafirs of Sena call *nyasa* and the Changanés *puembwé*.

Weighing from 45 to 55 lbs., the duiker is not more than 28 inches in height at the withers. It is grey in colour. The male has sharp straight horns, varying from 5 to 6 inches in length. This antelope is found in mountainous, or at any rate hilly, country. Avoiding dense thickets, it prefers lightly-wooded country, where high grass is plentiful, which provides it with good fodder. It is easy to approach when sleeping, and will bound up almost from under one's feet. A 12-bore, loaded with No. 4 and No. 2 shot, will easily bring it down. Its flesh is excellent and perfumed, particularly in mountainous country where aromatic herbs are abundant.

Above the haunts of the duiker on the bare and almost inaccessible mountain tops, lives the klip-springer, the chamois of South Africa. About the size of a small goat, it has a thick coat composed of two kinds of hair: one stiff and long, the other short, soft, and silky, which serves to protect the animal from the cold, which is very severe at these altitudes. The coat is mingled white, black, and grey, giving the whole animal a dark grey tone, which blends with the tints of the granite rocks. The hair comes out in masses directly the creature receives a shot, and if

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one desires to prepare the skin, it is necessary to wait until the body has become rigid. The face of the klipspringer is large for so small a head. The male has straight horns,¹ somewhat resembling those of the duiker, but farther apart.

This animal has a very wide range, since it is found from the tops of the Drakensberg to the mountains of the lake-region. The klipspringer scarcely ever descends from the rocks. From early dawn it browses on the short, sparse, and scented herbs of the mountain flora, till towards ten o'clock it returns to the arid peaks, on which it sleeps, regardless of the heat of the sun. Some hours before twilight it sets out in quest of its evening meal.

When on the move, it is extremely vigilant and difficult to approach, but if the hunter dare face the stiff climbs under the scorching sun, he will have the chance of a shot at one of these antelopes, plunged in a sleep from which it is with difficulty aroused. This is the time for using the smooth-bore, with the same shot as for the duiker. In all other kinds of shooting the distances become greater, and it is necessary to use a small-bore rifle. In any case, more than once before firing, one will be disappointed by seeing these beautiful creatures flee out of range with prodigious bounds, to disappear in the twinkling of an eye, leaping from peak to peak, like india-rubber balls.

¹ Good klipspringer horns vary between four and five inches in length.



ALLUVIAL TERRANO ON THE BANKS OF THE MANICA

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Anyone who has brought down a klipspringer will not regret his trouble. The excellent flesh of his victim will afford him the finest food, while its skin, when properly dressed, will make an excellent rug. Given the extreme agility of this species of antelope, the places it inhabits, and its extreme wariness when disturbed, one would be tempted to think that except for man, the universal destroyer of the animal kingdom, it need fear no enemy. This is a mistake. The klipspringer has to guard against two adversaries, which force it to be on the watch day and night.

The mountain-eagle wages deadly war against it. Should the eye of the bird discern one of these antelopes asleep, the bird seeks assistance and returns with one or two of its companions, when they all fall upon their unhappy victim, which they try to blind. If they attain their object, the creature is at their mercy, being no longer able to defend itself, when the sharp beaks and strong pointed talons soon finish the work. In the night the leopard glides stealthily among the chaos of quartz rocks, so favourable for ambuscades, and from thence springs unawares on the startled antelope, which it seizes by the throat.¹

¹ The klipspringer has a great many names. In Manica and Gorongosa it is known as the *gururu*. In Lower Zambesia the natives of the Morumbala mountains call it the *manimo*. Among the people of Upper Zambesia and the Barotse, it is termed the *m'barare*. The Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, as well as the Afrikanders of the Cape, named it the klipspringer (rock-jumper) in the beginning of last century. The scientific name is *Oreotragus saltator*.

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During my excursions I shot several dog-faced baboons. These apes are very common, being met with in large troops both on the flat and among the mountains. They are the despair of the Kafirs, devastating the fields of sorghum, stealing the tomatoes, digging up the sweet potatoes, and taking the fruit. It has in return the greatest respect for the native traps, which it is always able to discover. While marauding, it is guarded by vigilant sentinels, and I do not believe that anything but thirst can make it forget its habitual prudence. It is at the watering-places, to which they repair several times a day, that I have had the most chances of shooting these plunderers. The aspect of this animal when walking is curious, and the old males look rather like lions when seen from a distance. The representatives of the stronger sex attain considerable dimensions, as is shown by the following authentic measurements. From the root of the tail to the tip of the muzzle : $43\frac{1}{2}$ inches ; from the palm of the hand to the withers : $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches ; girth of chest : $25\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Moreover, the thick coat of this ape makes it look still larger ; the hair, which is long on the back and chest, is mingled grey, red, and fawn. The tail is long. The creature's cries are various, ranging from a low grunt to a sharp call and sometimes a real bark. Males, females, and young live together. The young, if captured when only a few days old, are easily brought up.



A MALE BUSHBUCK

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

I also killed some small grey hares. They are often to be seen near the Kafir gardens, and the natives who naturally value their flesh, set numerous snares for them. I also obtained a species of genet, whose death resulted in an amusing episode.

It was in September ; we had just had a wet day, and it is generally after such a day that the nocturnal beasts of prey attempt a raid. During dinner I had mentioned this circumstance to my wife, and had loaded my guns more carefully than usual.

In the night I was awakened by the cries of a hen being killed. I snatched up the 12-bore and went down to the hen-house. One of our hens had just got a brood of young chicks, and in order to make her and her family comfortable I had built a little shed. It was from this shed that the cries proceeded. At the same moment as I arrived there, one of my Kafirs also ran up. He began to open the door and I saw an animal appear on the roof, which I brought down with my gun. It was a genet, the smallest of the civet tribe I have come across in South Africa.

Its coat is very pretty, pale grey, dotted with variable spots, differing in individuals. Not so high as a cat, it is longer and of about the same weight. Passing the day in hollow trees, it hunts at night, killing rats and mice, robbing nests, lying in wait for small birds and young partridges, and also plundering hen-houses and killing the inmates. The genet, like the civet, has the peculiarity of yielding civet.

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The skin is much valued by the Kafirs, who make from it belts, bags, and dancing ornaments. In different dialects it is called the *morimba*, the *m'phezütre*, or the *simba*.

If I have been somewhat unlucky with regard to big game, I am more fortunate in my collections of birds, since from this district alone I have been able to prepare and despatch eighty-eight kinds of birds of particular interest.

But in addition to those species that I shoot for scientific purposes, there are others which I collect for food, for the scarcity of animals obliges me to fall back on birds. Unfortunately Kafirs and Europeans together have exterminated the guinea-fowl, the best of the African game-birds, in Manica. There remains, however, the francolin, or so-called partridge, of which there are two kinds, the partridge of the plain and the rock-partridge. About the size of a red partridge, the latter has its swiftness of flight and fondness of suddenly rising. In the morning and evening, when they go to drink, these partridges betray their presence by a characteristic whistling. The Kafirs distinguish this variety by the name of *ouimbiri*. It is the rarer of the two. More widely spread is the plain partridge, sometimes wrongly called a pheasant, for it resembles the latter neither in appearance or habits. This bird, which I have encountered everywhere, is seen in smaller flocks than the former. In the morning twilight the francolin calls, and although you



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE WATER COURSES THE VEGETATION IS LUXURIANT

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

may think the sound comes from the grass, it is really from a neighbouring tree. This is because it dislikes very wet grass, and likes to wander about without wetting its wings. One may be nearly sure of finding it near Kafir cultivations. Both species can be hunted with dogs, they will sit, and double, and in fact afford excellent sport. I advise the use of No. 6 or 5 shot for them.

If the natives capture few mountain partridges, which live on fruit, wild grain, and berries, they succeed in taking many of the lowland partridges, which they call *kwahlé*. For this kind of poaching they hide in the *coulées* of the grass which surrounds their fields, snares, which, placed perpendicular to the ground, catch the bird by the neck. They also catch them with bird-lime, made of a mixture of grain and the sap of a tree they call the *tchinga*.

Often, in order to vary our menu, I take up my position under a large tree laden with fruit which the doves and green pigeons come to feed upon. In a very short time I have filled my shooting-bag with enough for a good meal ; and immediately return to camp in obedience to the rule which I have always made in Africa to avoid useless slaughter.

Everyone knows that splendid bird, the green pigeon ; it is found throughout the African continent, and I need not therefore describe it. From a culinary point of view it is a real feast, and its flight is so rapid that I consider it to afford almost better sport than

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

any other bird. No. 6 shot is the best with which to bring it down.

As to the doves, they are of three varieties,—one of these, which is very common, and found in great numbers near fields of sorghum, somewhat resembles our own ring-dove, but is rather smaller, having a black ring round its neck. The Kafirs, by whom it is called the *jura*, snare and trap this bird to a great extent. Its flesh is dryer than that of its relatives. It is a strong-flying bird, requiring No. 6 shot to kill it.

Two other species, one about the size of a mistle-thrush, and the other somewhat smaller, have been named the *m'tundulu* and the *a'tundulu* by the Kafirs from their notes. The larger kind is chestnut on the back and head, and white on the under-parts, with reddish wings. The other has very much the same colouring, only the wings are metallic green, and tawny on the under side.

Towards the end of September, 1904, we made an excursion into the plain of the Mavuzi, a tributary on the right bank of the Pungwé. At this spot is a granite plateau, separating the basins of the Pungwé and the Hondé. Along the banks of the Mavuzi are a number of Kafir villages, having well-cultivated land, and even possessing rice-plantations. I saw there several traces of waterbucks, hartebeests, and roan antelopes, but there is quite an army of Kafirs in the district, hunting on behalf of Europeans; the



A DOG-FACED BABOON

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

game is, however, very shy, and I was only able to kill one large antelope.

Happily my journey was not unimportant from a scientific standpoint, as I was enabled to increase my collections.

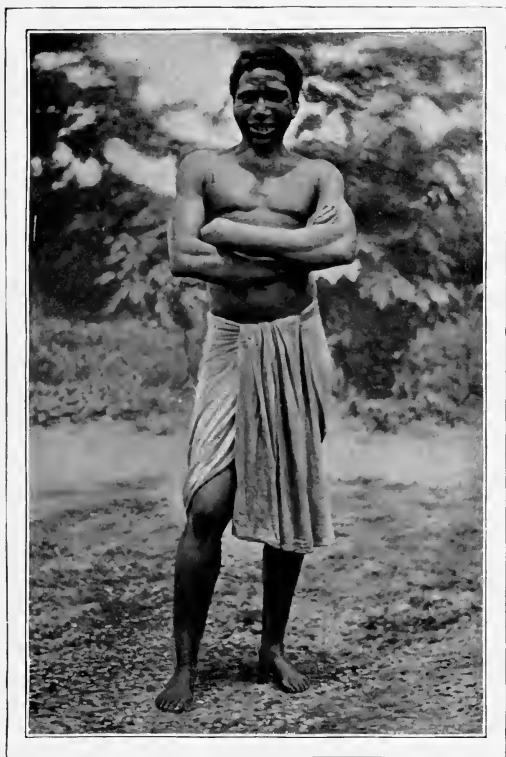
We returned to our camp at Muza in time to experience a violent storm. The mountain-sides are changed into torrents and the water dashes into our hut. A river flows under our bed. At the beginning of this waterspout we put our baggage in safety, but this alarm has warned me of the danger there would be in passing the rainy season in this place.

In reality if one comes here during the months of October, November and December, which form the spring, or rainy season, when nature awakes, hunting and getting about are still possible throughout that period. The summer, namely in January, February, and March, is the time of the great rains and floods, and of great vegetable growth, caused by the terrible heat. It is a time of forced inaction for the explorer, unless he wishes to hunt the great pachyderms and buffalo. The autumn, that is April, May, and June, brings a cooling of the nocturnal temperature. The grasses ripen, the foliage turns yellow, and the rivers return to their beds; this is the fever-season, and the time when lions are most dangerous. The last quarter brings winter, with the dryness that arrests the growth of vegetation, is favourable for bush-fires, and facilitates hunting and travelling.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

It is at this season that the natives everywhere light immense fires which cleanse the soil. Fed by fuel dried by a tropical sun, the fire rapidly spreads, and, should there be a strong breeze, does so at an astounding rate. The sight soon becomes almost fairy-like. A huge wave of flame, about a mile long and twelve feet high, rolls along with a terrific roar, preceded by vast clouds of smoke. Under this fiery kiss the tall grass is mown down and shrivelled up; the quivering trees are enveloped in a destructive whirlwind which strips their branches; the tall palms, with their big fleshy leaves, seem to tremble under the cruel caress of the flames, while the hollow-stemmed bamboos crack with the heat, sounding like a fusilade through the shady ravines.

Everything flees before the scourge, the animals warned at a great distance by their sense of smell, disperse on all sides; the snakes seek safety below ground; the members of the vast insect tribe climb, run, hop, or fly away in terror. The birds are the only living creatures which hail its advent with joy. Myriads of bee-eaters, pink, green, blue, black, and ruddy, feast on the insects, which they pursue with joyous cries. Hornbills and kites lie in wait for shrewmice, while higher up soars the red-legged eagle watching the maddened flight of the palm-rats and hares. But the flames are now far off, and of all the dense bush which obstructed sight and walking, there remain only a few ashes, charred and smoking



A BARWÉ NEGRO

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

tree-trunks, and a persistent smell of burning. The purification of the African soil has passed.

If this sight is wonderful by day, it is still more magnificent at night. In the calm of the evening all the sounds, which do not seem so loud during the day, increase strangely, and the voice of the fire swells to a howling. The horizon is entirely surrounded by flames bathed in a purple margin. Amid this turmoil, under the clear light of the stars, which look pale against the red glow, the whole of nature, fearful and silent, listens to the passage of the levelling scourge.

The day after the waterspout had visited us in camp at Muza, I went to see a compatriot, Mr. Pacotte, whom I knew to be living in the neighbourhood, to ask him to tell me of a convenient place to reside during the rainy season. Mr. Pacotte, who is an engineer, and represents several mining companies, very kindly told me of a small house situated at Andrada, about ten miles from Massikessé. I took this house, which we are now occupying ; it is a small building of earth and wood, rough-cast and white-washed, with a zinc roof. It is not a palace, certainly, but is a great improvement on the native dwellings, although, when the sun shines on the zinc it gets so hot that I have determined to have it thatched. There is no drinking-water close by, and this has to be brought from a distance of over 1,500 yards, as the Reyoué, which runs at the foot of the property, is often muddy, because of the mining works higher up.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

On the whole, however, our installation here affords many real advantages. I can go to Massikessé and back without being cut off by a flood, which I had to fear at Muza ; while I am well situated for exploring a new region and pushing towards the British frontier. We have several kind neighbours, among them being a Frenchman named Poulin. A hunter by profession, he has been guide to numerous sportsmen, and has himself killed a lot of game. His cottage is near mine, so he often takes the opportunity of coming in for a cup of tea in the evenings, when we talk of mining, hunting, and shooting. We are also visited by some very pleasant English people.

Poulin has entrusted me with a dog which has just littered. I have undertaken to look after the mother and the pups, of which I must keep two for myself. The mother is unfortunately badly made, but has a good nose, and with her aid I have killed many partridges, quails, and rails. The quail belongs to the species *Coturnix delegorguei*, discovered by the traveller of that name on the banks of the Limpopo in 1843. In this small species the male is distinguished from the female by a black mark on the neck and a spot of the same colour on the white abdomen. This quail utters a soft drumming cry. I need not describe the habits of these birds, which are the same as those of their European relatives. The rails which I have killed are of two species ; one rufous, like a corn-crake, and cunning before the dogs in the same manner ;



A FINE PYTHON

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

the other black, with a red beak, very similar to the water-rail of our marshes.

During my stay here I was able to study the fishes of the country, and also the modes of catching them in use among the natives, who are skilful fishermen with rod and line, and could easily give points to many of our experts.

They also make various kinds of nets for catching different sorts of fish, and are acquainted with torch-light fishing and fishing with bows and arrows. Moreover, they make use of several plants with narcotic powers, like Indian hemp, which enable them to make tremendous catches. These plants are a kind of *Tephrosia* which they call *tika*, a large tree they call *n'houpa*, and a kind of cucurbitaceous plant. Their fruits, or crushed berries, are mixed with flour, making a bait which the natives throw into the water. Almost directly a fish has tasted this mixture it rises to the surface floating on its back.

As I am always travelling, I have naturally made acquaintance with the most repulsive portion of the animal kingdom, namely reptiles, and before finishing with Manica I must say a word about those I have come across. The Kafirs have such a horror of these serpents that every native will tell you that all snakes, even the most inoffensive ones, are venomous, and will relate terrible stories of them, especially if he thinks you are likely to oblige him by catching some. Many of these tales are invented. Among the numerous

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

kinds of snakes which I have met, only one was at all rare, and that I was lucky enough to take alive and send to the museum. It is the *oxybele* of Lecomte, which lives in trees, and particularly in the eucalyptus.

Although not venomous, the python must be classed among harmful snakes. By its strength and agility it causes many accidents, and I have had in my service a negro who had been struck down by a python, and only escaped by the intervention of his comrades, who had run up on hearing his cries. In my estimation, however, the most formidable and the commonest of the harmful snakes is the puff-adder (*Bitis arietans*), called the *sipiri* by the Kafirs. It is like a gigantic viper in structure, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, about the thickness of one's wrist, and armed with huge fangs producing so much venom that I have sometimes collected almost fifteen grains from a single snake. It is a sluggish reptile, usually lying in ambush to attack man instead of fleeing from him. I was able to secure a fine living specimen, which is now in the museum. Smaller, but quite as formidable, is the *Causus rhombeatus*, a greyish-black snake with a V-shaped mark on the head, known to the Boers by the name of *nacht-ader*. This also produces much venom, the poison-glands having the peculiarity of being placed much farther back on the head than is the case with other venomous serpents.

I will conclude the list by mentioning the spitting-snake. This species attains a large size: I have seen



THE GREAT MOUNTAIN-EAGLE

HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS

one measuring considerably over 6 feet in length. It is endowed with the peculiar property of spitting at its enemy from a certain distance a corrosive liquid, which, if it enters the eye, may cause disorders accompanied with great pain.

In the course of these three years I have never seen, either among my servants or in the neighbouring villages, a single case of snake-bite followed by death. Always having with me some calmette-serum, I have never had occasion to use the precious remedy. This fact I believe to be due to two causes. The first is that most snakes are very active and flee from man, the second, that the Kafirs are gifted with such powerful sight, that they never fail to discover a snake, even when there is but little light.

Many a time my negroes, walking in front of me, have pointed out to me motionless snakes, which I myself should never have distinguished.

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A MARVELLOUS CATCH

CHAPTER II

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

How we Travel—Aspect of the Country—The Sable and the Roan Antelope—The Mitred Guinea-Fowl—The Ruins of Chivumba—The Vulturine Guinea-Fowl—Fishing with Dynamite—The Wild Dog—The Honey-guide—Along the Towa—A Night Attack—The Spotted Hyæna—Lake Nyakanga—The Spur-winged Goose—From the Muda to Guengeré.

ON May 2nd, 1905, after having addressed my second consignment of collections to the museum, dispatched my heavy baggage to Guengeré by way of the Pungwé, taken leave of the authorities, and shaken friendly hands, we started from Massikessé for the Busi. Thirty negroes, furnished by the Company, followed me; twenty-two carried my loads of twenty-five kilogrammes¹ each, the eight others acted as "machilleurs." The latter are those who have charge of my *machilla*, a kind of hammock suspended from a big bamboo. Two negroes at each end, they bear it on their shoulders and run, keeping up a continuous and gentle trot, the traveller lying down and being protected by an awning from the sun. Behind follow the four others who serve as relays. In this fashion my dear wife travelled the long stages.

We could in this way make an average progress of

¹ A kilogramme = about 2½ lbs.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

from six to seven kilometres¹ per hour. I have known Portuguese officers who, in this fashion, have traversed seventy kilometres in a day. If one wants to see the country, it is, however, preferable to make use of one's legs. When we travel, the *machilla* heads the march, behind it follow the porters, and then myself, with my rifle in a bandolier and my route-staff in my hand. When I encounter a load in difficulty, I never leave it behind me, I urge on the porter, and arrive with him at the halting-place. This is the sole way of finding oneself, by evening, in camp, with all that is required for its installation. If one halts in a village, it is preferable to demand from the chief a hut in which we can arrange the beds; in this manner pitching the tent is avoided, and a few minutes are gained at the start the following morning.

On their arrival at the halting-place the porters lay down their loads, and, under the direction of the cook and some of the *mouleques*², assist in setting up the camp, while others go in search of wood and water. Under my own supervision the rations of meal are distributed. Supper finished, the servants wash and arrange the kitchen utensils. When camping in the bush, I always give to the least awkward of my men a Martini rifle and two cartridges, to repulse a possible attack of lions. I myself, after having carefully cleaned my weapons, load my smooth-bores with

¹ A kilometre = about 5 furlongs.

² A name given by the Portuguese to native servants.



HEAD OF SABLE ANTELOPE

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

buck-shot, and adapt a night-sight to the muzzle of the gun. My wife and myself always sleep in our clothes, and are content with taking off our boots.

Before sunrise the cook makes the breakfast, which is eaten while preparations are being made for the start, and while each porter is taking and packing the baggage which forms his charge, and for which he is responsible.

Three hours' march from Massikessé brings us to the river Zombé ; and, after having crossed this, we halt towards midday, on the banks of the Zoné for lunch. Up to the point where we reached the Busi the character of the country remained the same. To the right extended, to the limits of vision, the granitic mountains which separate Rhodesia from the Portuguese colony ; in front of us Mounts Chimanimani raise themselves ; to the left is revealed a highly undulating and wooded country, traversed by a multitude of water-courses and rivers. The soil is fertile, for the cultivated plots of the natives are beautiful, and the forests which cover the ground present a superb appearance. I notice the *Kicksia africana*, which yields good india-rubber. The landolphas are even more numerous than at Manica. Numerous kinds of trees yielding resin and gum attracted my attention. Finally, many rivers gave me pleasing evidence of being auriferous.

At two o'clock we halted by the river Pachenche for the night. We had made a stage of forty

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

kilometres, and from laden men I did not wish to demand more.

Leaving my wife to watch the camp, I went out with three men to endeavour to find some game. For a long time we walked along a hill without seeing anything, and I was inclined to a peevish grumbling, when I saw a bushbuck, which I killed with one bullet.

The next morning we started at six o'clock and passed, two hours afterwards, the river Bondé. When they signalled me at the outskirts of a village named Combezi, I made a halt, and repaired to the huts in order to replenish my supply of meal. On my return, at eleven o'clock, I lunched, and as I had learnt that there was game in the neighbourhood I decided that we would camp at the river Inhama-gouena, an hour and a half distant.

At two o'clock I went out and visited a superb forest with low undergrowth. Unfortunately the wind constantly shifted, to our great disadvantage. Several times we catch sight of animals which are in flight, and I am in doubt of success, when I see, at a distance of two hundred yards, in a clearing, a troop of sable antelope, comprising a dozen females and three grand old males. Only one is in good view, the others are lying down. The ball which I fired struck with force and the animal fell, with broken shoulder-blades. At the report the troop rose, examining the depths of the forest. I was about to load, when an imbecile



A GROUP OF BUSI WOMEN

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

of a porter made an attempt to run to my victim, and immediately the band took to flight. I fired three times through the forest at the herd as they galloped. A grand female, hit by a bullet, separated herself from the others. It is a good sign, for an animal slightly wounded scarcely ever separates itself from its companions. With a blow of an assegai I put the male *hors de combat* ; I leave six men to transport the carcase to camp, and start in pursuit of the wounded one. We find some blood on the track, but an inspection of these gory traces convinces me that my ball had broken the shoulder and not reached the lungs.

After about an hour I caught sight of the animal, partly concealed by the trees, and I send a projectile which mashes up the liver. The antelope enters into a thicket, where it plays the following game. The animal flees, concealed by the herbage, and then lies down ; I arrive alongside, it rises and flees without my being able to fire. But I become excited, for I see all the indications that the beast has not long to live ; its halts become more frequent, its courses less long, the end is near. The wounded beast has quitted the thick covert, where the shrubs rub its wounds and make it suffer cruelly. It has taken refuge in a thicket which I command from the plain where I am. I send men to beat the bush in my direction. The antelope comes forth, and on seeing me, knowing that it is the last act of the drama, puts its

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

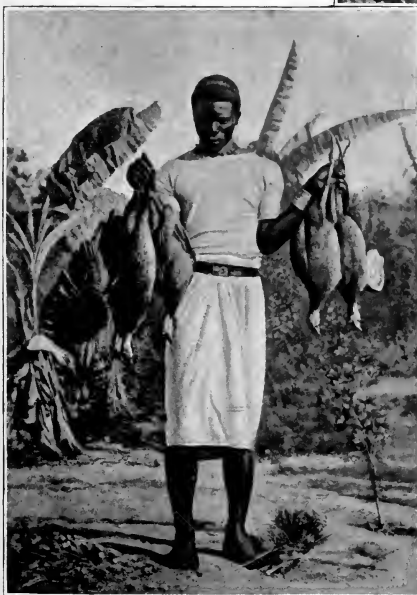
head between its legs, presents the tips of its horns towards me, and gallops at me on its three sound legs. The brave beast, which is unwilling to die without revenging itself, is not more than five-and-thirty paces from me ; the harsh and sharp report of the smokeless powder rends the air, and the animal rolls over, hit by a bullet in the chest. Every one takes as much meat as he can carry, the rest is left as a feast for hyænas, and I give the signal to return.

The sable antelope was described for the first time, under the name of Harrisbuck, in a work written in 1840 by Captain Harris under the title of " Wild Sport in Southern Africa." Naturalists have named it *Hippotragus niger*.¹ This animal attains a stature exceeding that of a red deer. Its coat is black in the adults, with the exception of the under part, which is white, and the ears, which are rufous. The muzzle is marked with white ; the eye is underlined by a white patch, formed of thick hairs. The neck and withers, excessively developed, make the fore-limbs appear taller than the hind ones,—an illusion accentuated by the presence of a thick black mane. The tail, which is of fair length, terminates in a large tuft of black hairs. The livery of the young passes through all shades of fawn to chestnut-brown, and then to bay-brown. Its head is elegant, surmounted by ringed horns, curving backwards, and terminating

¹ The Kafir name is *pala-pala*.



VULTURINE GUINEA FOWL



MITRED GUINEA-FOWL

A RUSH TO THE BUSH

in sharp points ; those of the male are thicker at the base and larger than those of the female.¹

The sable antelope associates in small troops, in which are never found more than three or four [adult] males. It is an animal with great cunning and great suspiciousness. It does not leave the thickets till dusk, or at dawn, to enter the pastures. Seldom encountered in the plains, it prefers a country intersected by ravines, covered with vegetation, and, above all, those provided with water. Its chief food consists of the shoots of shrubs and the leaves of certain resinous trees.

The natives have told me that this antelope, when surprised by the lion, defends itself valiantly, and that it will stab with its horns the feline sufficiently rash to spring at its throat. Although the Kafirs like the flesh, it is hard, and possesses a particular aroma, which I attribute to the resinous buds this animal consumes.

Returning to camp, I saw nothing but negroes dismembering the carcass, cutting up the flesh and cleaning the bones. All night huge fires were drying the meat, which they smoked on props. Despite the odours of this great butchery, nothing on the move came to awaken us. Under the guidance of a native, who promised me some game, we quitted the track and marched through the bush. Our guide

¹ The dimensions of good heads range, in males, between forty and fifty inches, and females between twenty-five and thirty inches.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

lost his direction, and we wandered from six o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon, when we found an old abandoned miners' camp. We did not see a single head of game, and the guide received for reward an energetic warning. We passed a wet night, as the rain never ceased falling.

Finally, to avoid the march through the soaking bush, where we could not find any path, I postponed the start till midday. We directed our course towards a *kraal*¹ indicated by the negroes, where we found, in place of a good road, only a small track, which we followed. On the route, soaked by the showers, I saw a number of fresh footprints. Suddenly I halt before a print which I did not know, it resembled that of the sable antelope. "*Pala-pala* (sable antelope)?" I exclaim to one of my trackers. "*Tai* (no)," he answers, "*bira-ufo*." This name is unknown to me. I enquire, and I recognise by the description the roan antelope, *Hippotragus equinus*.²

I cannot thus leave the animal which has just passed. As we are only a short distance from the village, I pass to the relays of machilleurs, the loads of the three trackers, and one porter; and, leaving the caravan to proceed under the surveillance of my wife, I go after the game. I arrive on an open plateau and

¹ A native village.

² The author erroneously gives *Hippotragus leucophaeus*, which is the name of the extinct blaauwbok of the Cape. (Ed.)



ON THE RIVER PACHENCHÉ

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

catch sight of the antelope, which is feeding, at a very long distance. I examine it with my glass.

Somewhat larger than a sable antelope, but of the same build, its horns, although shorter and thicker, are, like those of the former, ringed and curved backwards. The front of the head is marked with white, the whole of the coat appears grey mingled with white. My trackers state that it is an old male, and this I believe, for the animal is handsome.

Not wishing to hazard a rash shot, I make a detour, and march along the flank of the hillock. At the moment when I reveal myself, to fire at a hundred yards, the wind changes, the animal detects us and flees. I send one bullet too high and a second which touches the animal, for it delivers a kick. I have fired too much behind, and the animal is only wounded in the belly. I notice the fragments of entrails and of the products of digestion left by the fugitive on the branches and trees which it rubbed.

The animal thus hit is sure to die, but has still long hours to live. Though acquitted by conscience, I follow without again seeing it, until the sun, very low, stops me. I return to camp, with my heart heavy at having lost this fine specimen, which I never saw again. I find my wife already installed, for the last five hours, at the village of Chitote.

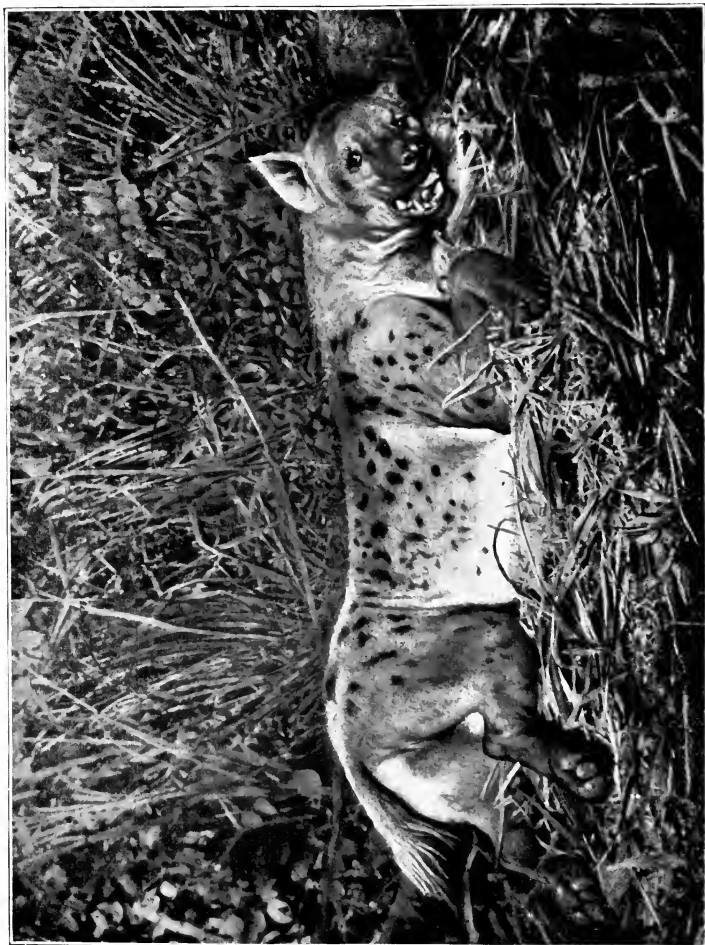
To combat the humidity, at least I suppose so, the inhabitants of that village have treated themselves during the last twenty-four hours to drink without

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

stint, and I cannot find one who is not dead-drunk. Their state is due to Kafir beer, made from sorghum meal, boiled and fermented. I know some Europeans who declare this beverage delicious; personally, I find it absolutely nauseous, for it contains both food and drink, and, above all, a certain slight tart taste mingled with a smell of mouldiness, of which I retain a far from pleasant recollection. On the other hand, the Kafirs are fond of it to such a degree that one-half of the crop goes to the manufacture of the beer, and towards the end of the agricultural year a period of famine always precedes the ripening of the maize. This drink, which is widely spread over all South Africa, is known, in the different districts, as *pombé*, *tchouala*, *aroua*, etc.

Passing the night in the village, I did not take the trouble to have the tent pitched, and hired a hut, in which we slept very badly in the midst of a legion of rats. I decide to spend the following day in searching for roan antelope. After nine hours' tramping I return grumbling. I go out again and return with a brace of mitred guinea-fowl for our sole roast. This species is common. Its feathers are black and white, and its bare head is adorned with a reddish and violet casque, which gives it its name. When the fields of millet are standing, one encounters these birds in considerable flocks.

If the guinea-fowl furnishes a delicate *salmi* or roast, it also affords a pleasant pastime to the *dilettante*



A SPOTTED HYENA

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

gunner. The following is my method of shooting. With my dogs and a number of negroes I proceed to beat the borders of the native cultivated fields. Frequently I come across a flock, which hasten to take refuge in a tree, proclaiming by a furious clamour the displeasure with which they see the dogs. Absolutely hypnotised by the sight, they will remain, I think, a good hour on their perch before flying off. Selecting a clearing, I make a signal to one of the men to advance towards me making a great clatter. At the noise the guinea-fowl take wing, and some of them pass me, speeding in full flight above the trees. I have been able in this manner to kill eight out of a flock containing a hundred head.

Five hours' march brought us the next day to the village of M'sissi. Setting out again at two o'clock, we cross the river Masomba and Rotunda, and camp at Chaña at six in the evening, after a march of thirty-four kilometres. We miss meeting the chief of the district of Moribane, who had departed to rejoin his station on Mount Chimani-mani.

Chaña is a large Kafir village, formerly the chief place in the district. For hygienic reasons the latter has been transferred to the mountain. I remained there one day, occupied in searching for ruins, of which my guides told me, but which they had certainly never seen except in a dream.

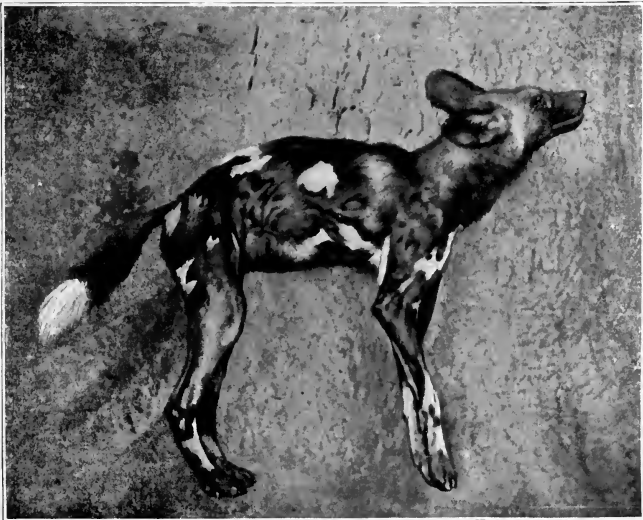
The next day we depart at two o'clock in the afternoon, and almost immediately again cross the

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

Rotunda. At three o'clock we pass the village of Pangelia, and an hour later reach the river Mohogo. After according half-an-hour's rest to the men, we arrive at Machomba, where we camp. There they told me of ancient mining excavations, of the mines ahead of us at Chivumba. We arrive there at eight o'clock the following day. The negroes have not lied ; there are important works extending over a distance of two kilometres. Millions of tons of quartz have been washed in a water-course which runs at the foot of a little fort.

After an interval of a few kilometres, we find some wells which appear to be more ancient. They seem to me to be remains of works carried out in turn by the Arabs and the Portuguese.

After breakfast we leave the mines. I determined to traverse the bush to search for a roan antelope ; and, for two hours, we pass through a wooded country which is very tiring. At four o'clock we leave the river Imhoff ; and at five o'clock make a halt on the bank of the river Inyadgouzi, whose bed is rich in fine gold. As I saw on the banks fresh tracks of eland, I made an excursion, from which I returned with three vulturine guinea-fowl. This is a fine bird, smaller than the mitred guinea-fowl ; it is marked with black and blue ; its wings are black with red reflections, and the crown of its head is ornamented with a crest of curling plumes resembling astrachan. This guinea-fowl never leaves the thickets, where it subsists



A WILD DOG

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

on berries and grains. As its flight is strong, it is difficult to shoot. When flushed it perches, resting motionless in the midst of foliage, where the most experienced eye cannot detect it; having let you pass, it suddenly flies back.

We struck camp at seven o'clock, and by nine reached the river Inyagombe, where we found a sulphurous spring, of which the temperature reached 39°C., and of which the odour is such that we shifted our breakfast place. Starting again in an hour, we camp on the banks of the river Mooma, not far from the village of Sevensa. Disturbed by a violent storm, we do not start till ten o'clock, and reach the village of Mopanga after a march of three hours, traversing a country slightly undulating, covered with thick scrub, and watered by the Inyaromva.

The next day's journey is taken by a march of eleven hours along the Mutema and terminating at the junction of that river with the Lusitu. That important affluent of the Busi is a hundred yards wide, but its course is interrupted by a veritable chaos of rocks. My porters having exhausted their supply of meal, I take some dynamite cartridges and make a miraculous catch of fish.

Another stage brings us to the left bank of the Busi. This river, it appears, has a width of about two hundred yards during the rainy season, but now is reduced to one-half. The place where we camp is fairly well wooded; on the other hand, there extends

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

on the opposite bank a vast plain, according to native report abounding in game. This ought to be the case, for we are regaled by a magnificent concert of lions. There are a full dozen of them, and I pass the night in listening to them.

In the immensity of the African solitude, on a still night, illuminated by the myriads of stars scintillating in the firmament, I know nothing in the world more beautiful, more imposing, more noble, than this roar of the lion, announcing to the neighbourhood his strength, his power, and his victories.

I endeavoured at daybreak to see the nocturnal performers; but I had no means of crossing the river. To cross the water by swimming was prohibited by the presence of a number of crocodiles. I desired also to continue my march to the south, and, crossing the Mossurize, reach the Sabi; but, according to the reports received, the district is very poor, and I could not hope to feed the band of continually hungry men who accompanied me. I therefore turned northward again. In the evening we camp at the junction of the Lusitu and the Ferodza, a charming river which possesses gold-bearing sands. Before night I was fortunate enough to kill two bushbucks.

On the morrow we travelled north-east, and by evening reached the bank of the Mariako, a tributary of the Lusitu. Going out to try my luck, I observe, at the bottom of a ravine, an animal which I kill and recognise as a wild dog. Its hair is long, greyish



A SABLE ANTELOPE

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

black, marked with orange on the flanks and belly ; its head presents some likeness to that of a wolf. The ears are upright and large, and the tail is thick. It barks like a dog. Very active, it hunts, say the negroes, in large packs, driving the antelopes in a chase. The one I killed was not alone, and closed the march of a pack, which took to flight at the report of the rifle. It seems that they do not always behave in this manner, and that sometimes they attack the hunter.¹

From our camp we reach, in a single march, the Revoué, where we pass the night. Before sunset I set out to hunt and have travelled some distance, when before me alights a very interesting bird. It is the indicator, or honey-guide.²

Of the size of a grosbeak, its plumage is of a yellowish grey ; some yellow feathers appearing in the tail. Its thick skin serves, according to Kafir report, to protect it from the stings of the bees. When it perceives a man, it immediately perches on a branch and commences its song :—" Chir, chir, chir," it cries, which I cannot translate better than " Quick, quick, quick." Yes, go quickly, traveller, behind your little guide, search for the perfumed honey which the industrious bees have collected for you, an inexhaustible dessert offered by bountiful nature !

When its appeal is recognised, the honey-guide

¹ The natives call this animal *poumpi* or *bindzi*, and the naturalists *Lycaon pictus*.

² *Indicator major* ; *tsexo* of the Kafirs. [The author miscalls this bird a cuckoo. Ed.]

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

quits its perch, departs with an undulating flight, and again settles, continuing this manœuvre till the end of its course. There it alights on the tree which conceals the coveted treasure; if, however, the bees have made their habitation underground, it selects the nearest dead tree. Then it changes its call. It is an appeal fairly sweet, and high-pitched, which seems to say, "It is there, it is there." A minute's examination serves to reveal the entrance of the hive; and little fire and plenty of smoke drive out the provident workers, the orifice is enlarged with a hatchet to a sufficient extent for the extraction of the treasures, and the larvæ are thrown to the little guide, upon which it makes a feast.

The honey-guide is accompanied by a species of ratel, commonly called the honey-bear.¹ The latter has not at its disposal the means of making the fire which serves those who want to attack a hive, but it possesses powerful claws, and a hide of which the thickness defies the piercing stings.

It advances to the assault of the hive, amid a cloud of the bees, and extracts and devours the honey, leaving the grubs for its companion. This curious animal is a carnivore, and is feared by the Kafir, who recognises in it a bad character. It is certain that it is not good-tempered; and eight years ago, during my previous journey, I killed one which charged my men.

¹ The Kafirs call the creature *tzévé* or *tchissévé*.



A VILLAGE ON THE REVOUÉ

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

It is not to be assumed that every time one follows a honey-guide one will find a dessert ; it is possible that the nest is known to another indicator, which has been accompanied by a ratel or by Kafirs, and you find a rifled hive. On other days it will conduct you to the lair of a hyæna, a lion, or a leopard, not that the little traitor has made a compact with these robbers, but for the following motive :—One day the honey-guide conducted me to the carcase of a buffalo slain by a lion, and, having nothing better to do, I turned over the bones in search of the burying-beetles to be found in such situations. In addition to some adult insects, I found there grubs of *Dermestes*,¹ which I left. Scarcely had I moved away, when the little bird flew to the ground, and devoured the larvæ thus exposed. The explanation of which I was in search was revealed, and I knew immediately that the honey-guide conducts you to the haunt of the carnivora only because it knows that it will find near them bones, and that it hopes that in disturbing these you will offer it a feast like the one I have just furnished.

On the day of which I am speaking our guide behaved well, for we obtained, what is very rare, the booty from two adjacent hives.

If we returned this evening with a dessert, there was not, in revenge, a roast, for I had no opportunity of firing a shot. Nevertheless, I spend a day on

¹ A kind of beetle found on carcases and skins.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the bank of the Revoué to replenish my stock of meal, a supply of which was obtained from the people of the village of Chitito, a few minutes from my camp. While the dealing is being transacted, I go to examine a fall of the Revoué ; it is a simple cascade of scarcely three yards, which, by the side of the falls of the Zambezi appears a mere nothing.

It seems that up the river there is another, at Inyaromiroua, near the village of Umliwani. These falls, which occur all along the course of the river, indicate clearly the structure of this part of Africa to be formed by the crest of the mountains dividing the British and the Portuguese possessions, while to the right and left there occur a series of plateaus, of which the last is bathed by the ocean. As I was walking I made a small hunt, and my negroes brought home a bushbuck, a hare, and four guinea-fowls.

As there is a great deal of water in the Revoué, we crossed the river in native boats.

Following the advice of the natives, who know the nature of the district, we cause our water-sacks to be filled with water. These are made of canvas of considerable thickness, strongly sewn ; they hold about ten quarts ; a funnel fitted to the mouth enables them to be easily filled. Thanks to evaporation, the liquid remains cool. One sack is always carried on the bamboo of the machilla and the other by one of my porters ; by this means we are assured against suffering from thirst.



KAFIR GOAT



DOMESTICATED SWINE

A RUSH TO THE BUSI

This precaution is necessitated by the drying up of the river Towa, which we are about to ascend. As regards the natives, they trouble themselves very little about the matter, as they are capable of going all day without drinking; and, moreover, the most nauseous ditch does not repel them when they have a mind to quench their thirst.

This march is one of the most trying of the journey; there is a burning heat and the walls of tall yellow grasses between which we march do not permit the slightest breath of air to circulate. At midday we halt near a hole, half full of water, in the bed of the Towa. The beverage is not inviting, and smells strongly of rotten leaves. This makes us regret the pretty streams, so fresh and clear, which we have left behind us. Near the bank I discover some old tracks of elephants. The animals have quenched their thirst where we breakfast. Elephants! My dream! When will it be granted me to see and to shoot them?

At two o'clock we again take to our burning path, which leads us to the village of Inyatimbé, thirty-five kilometres distant from our last camp. To-night we have the surprise of an alarm. It is about eleven o'clock, and everyone is sleeping, when I am awakened by a frightful disturbance. The negroes shout, the dogs bark, I jump out of bed, my 12-bore in my hand, supposing an attack of lions.

At the same instant resounded a shot from the Martini rifle carried by my tracker Godonga. Following

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the direction of the flash, I perceive, escaping in haste, illuminated by the moon, a beast to which I quickly address a couple of charges of buck-shot.

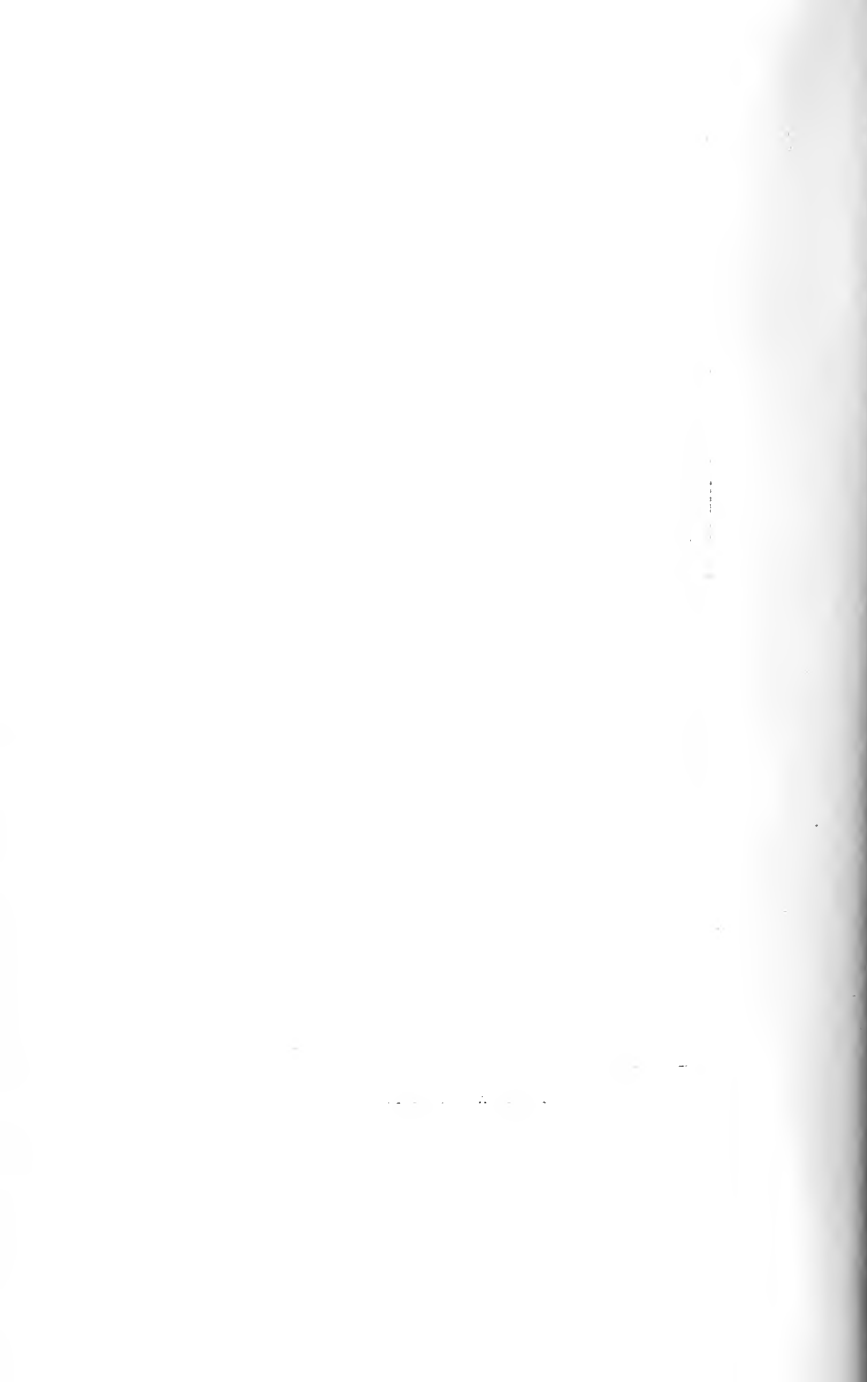
I reload, I enquire, and this is what they relate to me. In order to have softer couches, my servants lie upon the unrolled skins of the specimens I am transporting. One of them, thinking that some one was pulling the skin upon which he was reclining, stretched out his hand in order to give a smack to the stupid joker who was playing him this trick, but it was the head of an animal he encountered. The contact woke him; he cried out and gave the alarm. Provided with a lantern, I detect on the ground the tracks of the audacious animal; as I suspected, it is a filthy hyæna.

At daybreak I go out to see the effects of the shots. At starting I find plenty of blood, and thirty yards further on the dead beast, with seven buck-shot in its carcase. Like all the others I have killed, this hyæna belongs to the spotted species (*Hyæna crocuta*), and although the striped hyæna is asserted to be common on the Zambesi, I have never met with it between Sena and the mouth of the river.

Of the height of a very large dog, but more muscular and much more powerful, this beast has an arched back, short hind-limbs, a big head on a well-developed neck, fleshy, upright ears, and jaws of enormous power, adapted for crushing bones. The hair of its coat is short, spotted with brown and tawny,



EAGLE AND HORNBILLS



A RUSH TO THE BUSI

frequently in bad condition, and exhaling a disgusting odour. Dwelling by day in burrows excavated previously by ant-bears or porcupines, the hyæna does not issue forth till dusk. It commences by drinking, and then, guided by its sensitive nose, sets forth in quest of some carcase.

Frequently, seated at a respectful distance, it assists, a mute and approving spectator, at leonine banquets, of which it finishes the remains. It goes hunting round the villages, seeking an opportunity to steal a fowl, to pounce upon a goat, or carry off a pig. As the huts are too solid to enter, it searches the rubbish-heaps, where it gnaws old bones; and all night the accursed beast perambulates round, growling, snarling, and sniffing. If its hunger becomes too pressing, it endeavours, in company with a beggar of its own kind, to catch a small antelope; occasionally even, its courage arriving with hunger, it ventures to attack a sleeping man. It nearly always seizes him by the face, causing by its bites frightful wounds which leave deep scars.

If you wish for astonishing stories, question the Kafirs concerning this hyæna. They will tell you:—
“It is an evil spirit (*m'fitti*) which cannot die, and allies itself with wicked persons, jealous of their neighbours. They whisper into its ear at night the name of a man, from whom the docile hyæna proceeds to steal a fowl, a goat, or a pig. Already advised, the hyæna goes to the door of the dwelling;

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

it speaks (! !) in a disguised voice, imitating that of an acquaintance ; it asks for fire. And when they open the door, it bites the hand which brings the brand. It is also the hyæna which brings trouble into the homes, which suggest the most wicked ideas to faithless spouses."

It is little wonder that with such a bad reputation the hyæna possesses a number of designations. To my knowledge it has six. Let the reader be assured, I will not inflict the weariness of this nomenclature, and I will confine myself to giving the four chief names by which it is known, which are *tika*, *tizemba*, *bongo*, and *pissi*.

This day's march is as hard as that of the last, and the water is equally bad. In order the more quickly to reach lake Nyakanga, I shorten the halt. Between this swamp and the village of Maforga we camp for the night. I repair to the border of the lake, of which the middle is an expanse of water, while the margins are covered with aquatic plants, amidst which lurk numerous crocodiles, as well as hippopotamuses, if we may judge by the tracks I see. On the surface are a number of duck, teal, and geese, which seem to defy me. For want of a better expedient, I resolve to wait till evening, my former experience in wild-fowl-shooting promising a movement of the water-fowl after sunset.

Alas ! previous to the game, the mosquitoes arrive in clouds. I hear behind me the negroes cursing,



BLACK SPUR-WINGED GOOSE



A RUSH TO THE BUSI

as they smack their hands. I stop doing the same just in time to see coming a couple of black spur-winged geese, which pass over my head, and both of which I kill. Without waiting for more, I return to camp, my face and neck dotted with punctures. While bathing myself, I converse with the ancient Mafora¹ who has come to tender me his homage.

When seated at table my regrets increase still more that I remained under the bites of the mosquitoes for the sake of bringing back such poor game. I cannot recollect the name of the poet of the Middle Ages, who, in singing the flavour of the heron, said that, after having tasted it, he wanted to eat for ever. I am not a poet, and for still other reasons refrained from celebrating in verse the detestable dish formed by this web-footed bird. I will content myself with saying that, after having freed my teeth, at the price of heroic efforts, from the mouthful which I had imprudently taken, I swore to leave for ever in peace this tough and stringy game.

But if the black goose be uneatable, it is nevertheless a curious bird.² It is larger than its European relatives, and, having strong legs, walks well. Its beak bears a red caruncle. A sort of spur, from one-and-a-half to two inches in length, made of a solid horny material, arms the angle of each wing. The

¹ All the Kafir villages have the name of their chief.

² The black goose is called by the Kafirs *tzekwé*.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

black goose also possesses the very curious habit of perching. As this bird is very tough and possesses solid bones, I advise shooting it with No. 0 shot. We pass the night under our mosquito-curtains, lulled by the buzzing of legions of mosquitoes and the snorting of hippopotamuses.

In a day's march we reach the Muda, an affluent of the Pungwé, and halt on its bank. This river has been described to me as very rich in gold, and also in bituminous schists, an indication of oil-bearing strata. I find, indeed, traces of gold, but less important than at Chivumba, while the schists which I came across are only graphite of bad quality.

From the Muda we reach an affluent of that river, the Muda-ma-fou, where we lunch. At six o'clock in the evening we make our entry into the town of Bamboo Creek. Of a truth, the word town seems somewhat of an exaggeration to apply to a collection of some fifty houses. But as there is a railway-station, a telegraph-office, a baker, some cafés, and, of course, some Indian shops where they sell everything, while, in fine, the place is the centre of a district, the whole well merits in Africa the designation of a town, more especially as it possesses two names. Thus among the English it is known as Bamboo Creek, and to the Portuguese as Nova Fontesvilla, the capital of Neves-Ferreira. We install ourselves to pass the night at the Railway Hotel, which is under the management of a polite Austrian.

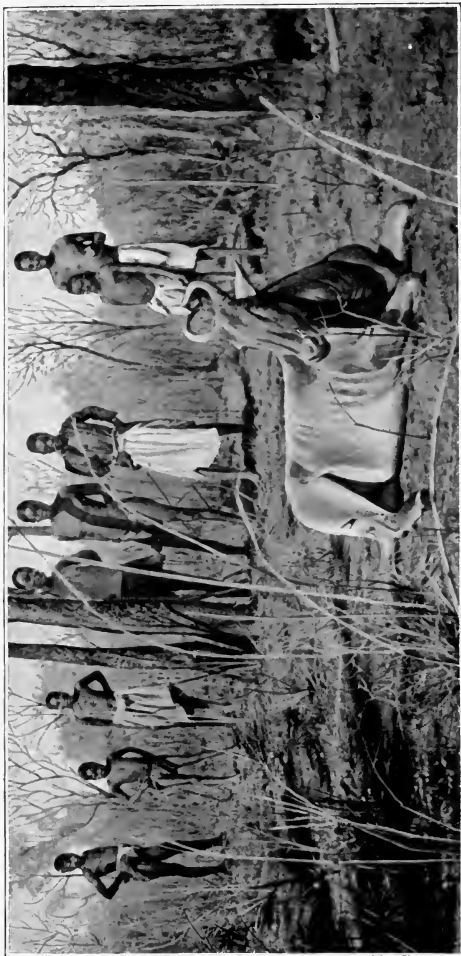


A FEMALE SABLE ANTELOPE



A RUSH TO THE BUSI

At half-past six the following morning I order the loads to be taken up. One hour from Bamboo Creek we cross the Missingueré, a dry river, and soon after arrive at Mutuchirra, an affluent of the Pungwé. After a brief halt we start again. On the road, apart from numerous traces of game, I notice the tracks of a couple of lions which passed the previous day. At eleven o'clock we see the villages of Mapanda and Tika-la-bocca. Soon we arrive on the borders of a marsh, which we see again with emotion. It was here that in 1900 we camped for nearly three weeks ; it was here that we tended an unfortunate native, who succumbed in consequence of a terrible struggle with a lioness. But we have still a long stage to accomplish, and we tear ourselves from our remembrances. At two o'clock we leave behind us the Nyantonga, an affluent of the Mokambezé ; twenty minutes later we pass that river, and at three o'clock arrive at Guengeré, the end of a journey of more than a month.



A FEMALE LICHTENSTEIN'S HARTEBEEST

CHAPTER III

IN THE FOREST

My First Walks along the Guengeré—The Wart-hog Boar—Lichtenstein's Hartebeest—A Day of Adventure—The Waterbuck—Wahlberg's Zebra—Kites, Vultures, and Marabouts—Otters—The Palm-rat—The Hornbill—The Reedbuck—The Mongoose—The Oribi—Sojourn at Ganda—A Nocturnal Visit from Lions—The Red Duiker—The Eland—Palm-wine—Kafir Superstition—The Wild Pig—The Lions of the Tendo of Chikari—The Brindled Gnu—Fight with a Buffalo—The Buffalo of Kafraria—The Blue Duiker

GUENGERÉ, where I have established my head-quarters, is situated on the Pungwé, at an elevation of 125 feet, at the foot of the last terrace but one descending to the sea. To the north-east are seen the high mountains of Gorongoza ; to the west the low hills of the plateau of Buté ; to the south the outskirts of Moutouchirra and the hills of Chilowo. The whole country is covered with forest, beneath which grass grows. It is watered by a multitude of streams and rivers.

We are on the concession of a Frenchman, Mr. Puech, who has been settled here for five years. He has built a pretty house, brought under cultivation a score of acres, and planted numbers of fruit-trees. As soon as I was settled I resumed my daily excursions ; and my first walk was crowned with a special success. I killed first of all a wart-hog boar (*Phacochoerus*

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

*africanus*¹), a species of swine inhabiting a burrow, which it quits only to feed and wallow, at the hottest time of day, in a neighbouring marsh. Grey in colour, it is furnished with a mane and a fairly long tail; its face is surmounted by four warts; the tusks are very large; I killed one with tusks of $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length. When wounded, it is by no means amiable, and sometimes charges. The Kafirs call it *jiri*.

A few hours afterwards I killed a fine cow of Lichtenstein's hartebeest (*Bubalis lichtensteini*). This is the most abundant game of the colony; I have often found it in troops. Of the size of a two-year-old colt, it has the withers elevated. Its coat, tawny in the females and young males, is redder in the old bulls²; the back is marked by a black line. The head is long and surmounted, in both sexes, with horns which bend backwards at right angles in the middle of their length. The Kafirs highly esteem the meat of this antelope, which they call *godonga*. Its hide serves for their bow-strings and for the heads of their dance dresses.

Having with me only two negroes, I leave them to pass the night by the beast; and, as it is late, I return alone. On the way I encounter a strange animal which I kill. It is a pangolin; an edentate which only comes forth in the evening, at dusk, to seek the ants forming its food. It attacks the ant-hill with its powerful claws; and when the inhabitants,

¹ The author uses the obsolete name *Sus phacocheerus*.



A PALM-RAT

IN THE FOREST

disturbed by the digging, rush out in a crowd, it plunges into the midst its tongue, which is nearly as long as its body and covered with a sticky secretion, and withdraws it covered with ants. Its body is covered with thick scales, which bullets do not pierce, For its sole defence it rolls itself into a ball and awaits events. It is but seldom seen, and the negroes, who call it *hacka*, say that it falls from the sky, and consider its capture a lucky event : its flesh, with which my negroes regaled themselves, is white, close, and fat. The one I killed was a pregnant female, weighing twenty-two kilogrammes ; its foetus I preserved for the museum.

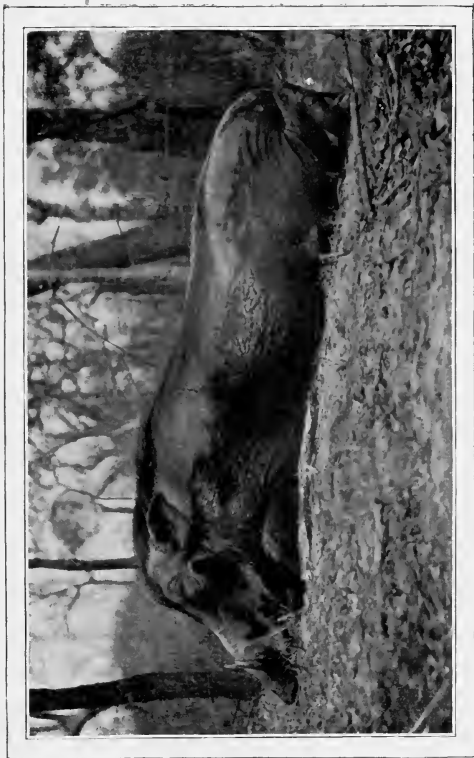
Loaded with this animal and my gun, I had great difficulties in the dark night in returning to Guengeré. In climbing the banks of the Nyantonga I had a terrible fall into the bed of the river, and filled my gun with sand, an accident which caused me a serious mishap when I went out next day. When I arrived in camp at nine o'clock everyone was anxious, for a tramp of this kind in a country where there are lions is by no means wise.

My second hunt is less fortunate. This time I cross the Pungwé and enter the districts watered by the Tchimulilo (the fire), so named because it has a hot sulphurous source. I vainly try to approach a waterbuck which fled, and I take up its track, when, on reaching a spiny thicket, I hear roarings which I recognise as being those of lions. I take my express,

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

which I had had cleaned yesterday by my best tracker, Godonga, being unable to undertake this task myself on account of the preparation of the specimens I had brought. I arrive at a small clearing, and perceive, at a distance of ten yards a lion and lioness devouring a carcase. I take aim at the lion and press the trigger; the click of the lock makes itself heard, but there is no report. At the noise the lions bound off and disappear in a thicket of tall grass which had not been burnt. I utter an oath of disappointment, and, lo! another lioness, which I had not seen, jumped up not far from the carcase and disappeared. I send after her, at hazard, a shot which does not touch her. As I am about to extract the empty cartridge-case, the extractor refuses to act. The prey of the lions was my waterbuck, which, in escaping me, fled into their ambuscade. The lions, after having strangled and opened the animal, had extracted the stomach and viscera, and dragged them to a distance without rending them.

Excited by this ill-luck, I continue the hunt, which brings me two waterbucks. This antelope, of striking appearance, is still common in the district. One is almost sure to encounter it in the neighbourhood of the water-courses, and especially near the marshes, where it loves to browse on the leaves of the water-plants. Its long, coarse hair is brown and grey. The buttocks are marked by an elliptical white band. The male alone carries ringed horns, which may



A WART-HOG BOAR

IN THE FOREST

measure from 30 to 36 inches in length. The flesh is coarse, although the Kafirs and the lions eat it ; the hide is strong and serviceable. The waterbuck (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*) has a great number of native designations, of which I mention only two, *piva* and *niakobzou*. It derives its English name of waterbuck from its partiality for water.

On my return, I take to pieces my express-rifle ; and, finding a quantity of sand in the extractor and the striker, I return thanks to heaven that the first shot did not come off. If I had hit the lion at this short distance, I should probably have been charged by the lioness, and, the extractor not working, I should have been unable to reload. The negligence of my tracker nearly cost me dear.

One day, when distributing waterbuckmeat to my negroes, one of them declared that he could not eat it. I enquired and was told of a curious native superstition, which they call *m'toupo*. When a child is of age to understand his father says to him :—“ Your *tabu* is this animal, you must not eat it.” And all his life he observes this prohibition. There are, however, mitigations when hunger lays hold of the stomach. I remember one of my negroes who had the zebra for his *tabu*, and he replied when I remarked that he was eating zebra that it was only the bone of the leg of the zebra that was his *m'toupo*. The *m'toupo* of the Kafir women is generally the goat and the small antelopes. Another curious custom is

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

to make a knot with the hairs of the tail of the animal before cutting it up, a precaution which, say the natives, is a preventive of dysentery. There exists a host of other traditions concerning dead game, which I shall note according to the incidents of the narrative.

The abundance of game which I find at Gorongosa makes me prefer this district to Neves-Ferreira, where formerly I have killed so many animals, but which is now decimated by the white hunters.

It is in this district that I meet with Wahlberg's zebra, which is common in the territory; almost every day I encounter troops ranging from five to one hundred head. It loves not solitude; if it be deprived of companions, it mingles with herds of other animals. Like many antelopes, it displays constancy, remaining long beside a dead comrade, and mourning its loss by a kind of braying, something like that of the ass. Its flesh, which is mixed with yellow fat, is not much according to my taste, although the Kafirs and the lion are fond of it. When wounded, this animal is dangerous, and it is necessary to beware of its kicks and its bites. I myself have seen a zebra thrice charge one of my men who approached it in order to put it to death.

The zebra is a creature so wonderful, ready to render great services in a country where draught animals perish, that I regret that hitherto no one has attempted to domesticate it except by shots from



A LICHTENSTEIN'S HARTEBEEST

IN THE FOREST

the rifle, although in the Transvaal mail-coaches are drawn by zebras.

The frequency of my visits to Gorongosa has brought me a company, with whose presence I could well dispense, namely the birds-of-prey. So soon as I have killed an animal the kites arrive. Immediately after them the sky is dotted with specks which grow larger to the view, and with a harsh whizzing hundreds of vultures of two species let themselves fall from a vast height and cover the trees. After the vultures appear the marabouts, a species of stork of gigantic size, with a grey-blue back, a white belly, a naked head, and a yellow, pointed beak. This bird carries beneath its tail the most lovely white plumes, much esteemed by the fashionable, although less beautiful than those of the grey marabout of India.

This stork is only occasionally carnivorous. Generally feeding on fishes, frogs, and migratory locusts, the marabouts do not disdain carrion ; but as their beaks, badly formed for tearing flesh, do not permit them to satisfy their tastes, they watch the vultures, marching behind them with a solemn air, and snatching with strokes of their beaks, morsels which the latter have torn off. They live and breed in colonies, generally building on the baobab trees a nest made of twigs of wood. They are mistrustful, and as they have learnt the distance at which one can hit them, I recommend the use of a small rifle and of double zero shot in smooth-bores.

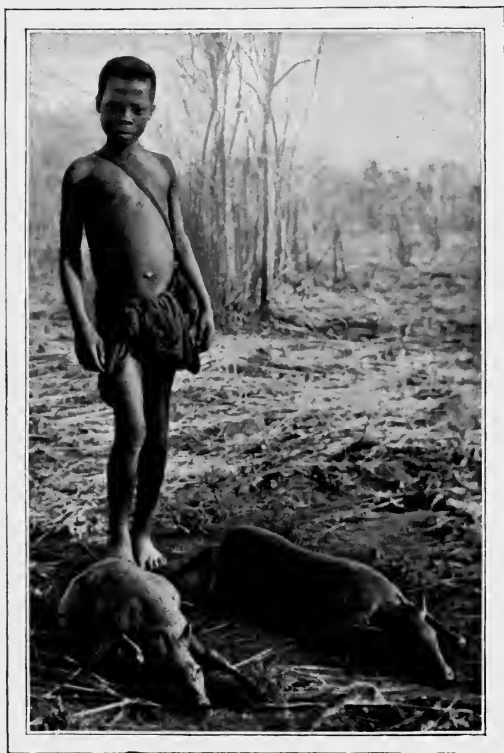
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

So soon as you withdraw yourself from the carcase, carrying with you what you have selected, all this winged host descends, crowding, pecking, and quarrelling. If the wounded animal dies far from you, run, for in a short time nothing of it will remain. The vultures, after having pecked out the eyes, attack the vent, making a way into the body by this orifice eating the soft internal parts and picking the bones, so that when you arrive you find nothing but a skin spread over a perfectly anatomised skeleton. I have seen a flock of several hundred vultures clean the carcase of a zebra in twenty minutes.

In the course of one of my wanderings I missed a species of small otter with a black coat, which appeared to me very pretty ; and I regret this the more because I have seen the animal only twice.¹ There exists another and common kind of fair size, with a brown coat, which lives all along the rivers, and which the natives often take in their baskets, where they introduce them to catch fish. They designate this latter species *bizi*.

The same day I experience a tiresome misadventure. I approach a herd of buffaloes, and shoot a bull, which appears to me to have its shoulder-blades broken. Passing near by, I make a sign to the negroes following me to despatch it, and I walk on in front to fire at a second beast in the herd, which has halted. I hear a frightful row and see the wounded beast

¹ Apparently the so-called otter-shrew (*Potamogale velox*). [Ed.]



A PAIR OF COUTWAS

IN THE FOREST

fleeing at top speed, pursued by the "boys." I follow it for part of the day without again catching a glimpse. This accident, which has happened to me many times, is due to a hit somewhat too high. The ball misses the shoulder-blade, and, without touching the vertebral column, breaks the head of a rib, causing momentary paralysis in the animal. In a short time the beast revives after the shock, and, in my opinion, recovers from the wound.

I should have returned grumbling had I not shot, in place of game, a palm-rat. This rodent, which is very common here, is of the size of a hare, but has shorter legs, and is clothed with coarse dark grey hair. It feeds on the seeds of grasses and also on the hearts of cabbage-palms, whence the origin of its name. It inflicts much harm on the crops of the Kafirs. The latter, not only by vengeance but likewise by eating, wage against it a relentless war. If they are not sufficiently numerous, they set in the runs snares in the form of a funnel into which the rats creep. Those which escape from the snares are killed by the dogs, stunned by blows of the clubs, speared with assegais, or pierced by arrows. It is a veritable national sport, this hunting of the *tchendzi*, and I know Kafirs who will deprive themselves of everything rather than forego the sport.

If I hunt quadrupeds much, I leave them only in pursuit of birds, of which I obtain a number of specimens. Among them, I will mention the hornbill, a

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

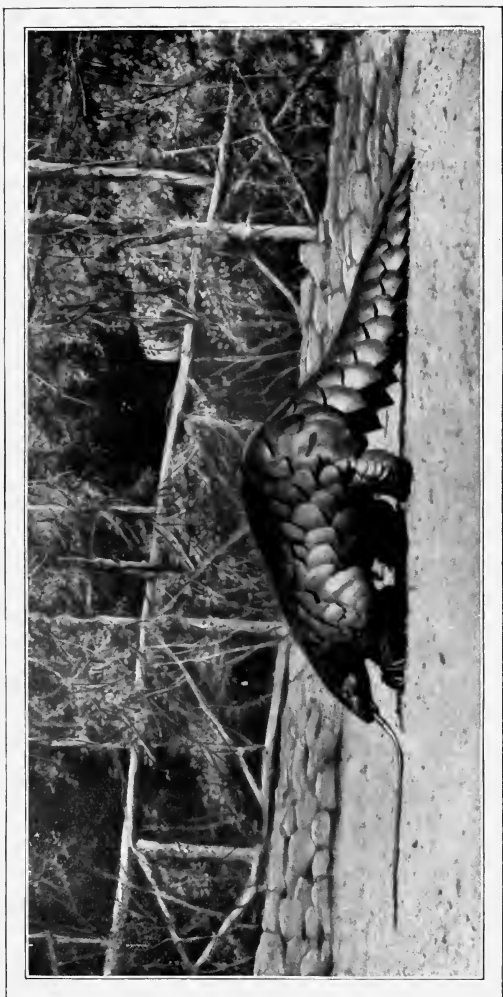
bird provided with an extraordinary beak, and whose cry recalls the sobbings of a weeping child. The *kakamira*¹ builds a nest ; the female enters in, and when she commences to incubate the male immures her, leaving her just sufficient space to receive food, which the attentive mate goes to seek for her. When the young are hatched, the barricade is removed.

One day, leaving the forest, I traversed the plain bordering the Pungwé, where I encountered a new kind of antelope—the reedbuck (*Cervicapra arundinum*). It is an inhabitant of the open marshy plains. Of the height of an ass, the reedbuck has a coat tawny above and white below, and a short tail garnished with fawn and white hairs. The male alone carries horns, ranging from 12 to 17 inches ; the horns are ringed and curve forwards. It is but seldom one encounters more than three reedbuck in company. When surprised, they utter a shrill whistle and take to flight at a rapid pace. The Kafirs call them *tzingo*.

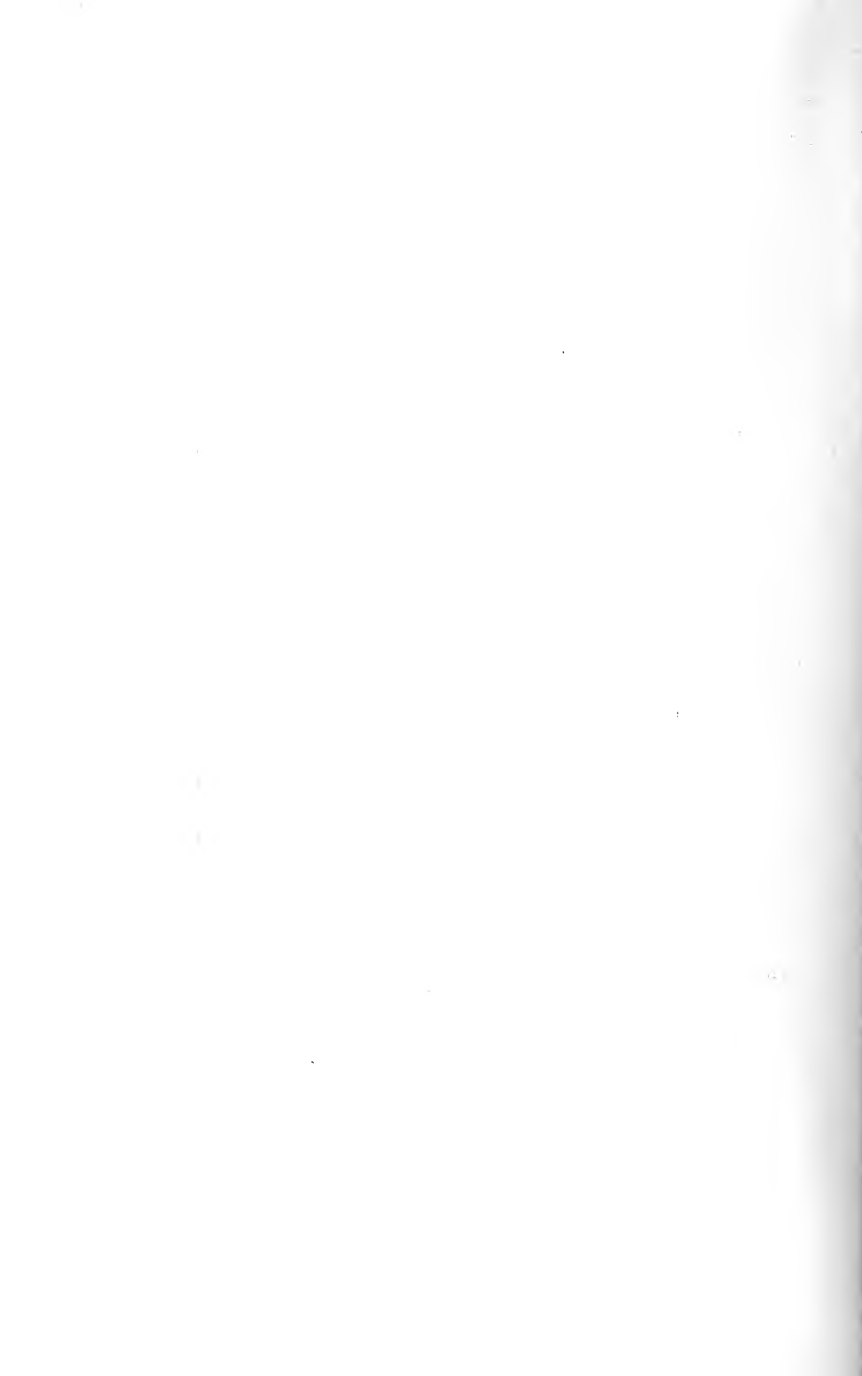
I picked up the same day a specimen of the mongoose, a small animal living in parties and feeding on insects and snakes, which it seeks among the herbage. I have only seen the common species, called by the negroes *madembæ*.

The great abundance of game met with in this district induces me to make a trip ; and, accompanied by my wife, I start on a fifteen days' excursion. My

¹ This is the Kafir name of the hornbill.



A PANGOLIN



IN THE FOREST

first camp is situated at Chicolé. I kill a number of waterbucks and hartebeests, one of which gave me a hunt of five hours under a terrific sun, without a drop of water to drink. My wife assisted in this hunt, which ended in gaining the wounded animal. I also killed several bushbucks, a duiker, and a small new antelope, the oribi (*Oribia scoparia*¹). It frequents the plains, where it goes about in pairs, which has gained for it the Kafir name of *sandwzadwza*.² With rufous hair, becoming white on the belly, it is of the size of a goat. The buck carries, as a crown, sharp, straight horns, varying from 5 to 7 inches in length. It utters a cry somewhat like that of the reedbuck; and is one of the most difficult antelopes to shoot, when running, with a bullet. Not only is it very swift, but it frequently leaps to an astonishing height. I have killed a good number with a shot-gun. The flesh of the oribi is justly esteemed, especially by the epicures of Central Africa.

Our stay at Chicolé would be delightful if it were not for the mosquito, that odious fly which poisons mankind, in infesting them with malaria. Unfortunately, it is not the only one which sucks our blood, many kinds of gadfly in the bush, bugs in the Kafir huts, leeches in the marshes, and, above all, legions of fleas dispute the same honour.

But it is a matter of use, and one treats these little

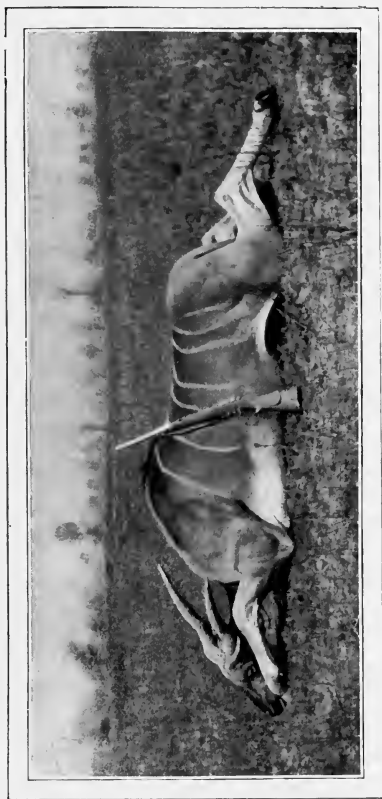
¹ The author employs the obsolete name *Nanotragus scoparia*.

² Also called *tringodani*.

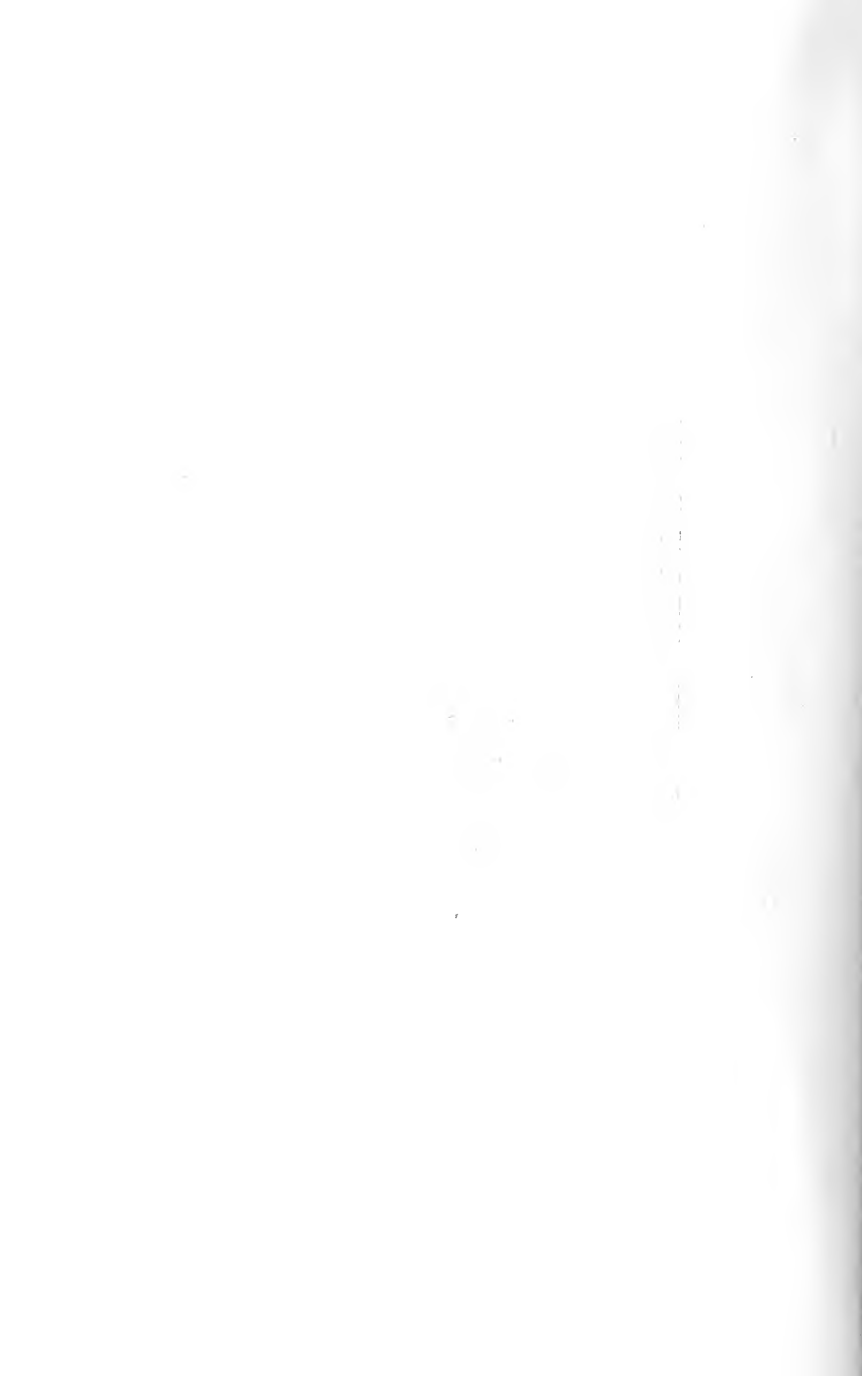
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

inconveniences in the same way as all the others which occur during a journey. Our second stage brings us to the territory of King Ganda. The poor man, alas ! has only the name of king, for his authority is *nil* ; and when he commands his subjects to do anything, they walk away with a swaggering air. But for a Kafir he is a brave man, and one of the best trackers I have met with in my life. I was desirous of engaging him myself ; but, although he has a certain friendship for me, entirely due to his love of sport, he still prefers idleness ; and his eight wives and his legion of daughters produce for him such abundant harvests, that he has materials for making Kafir beer from January to December. When he is satiated with this beverage, he can fuddle himself with palm-wine (*utchema*), which they make from the borassus, hyphena, and phenix palms, so common in the district. Physically he is a small man, of a slender figure, thin and dried up, but active, despite his age. A great hunter, he has killed numbers of buffaloes, several elephants, and a lion.

I had been some days at Ganda when a strange adventure befel me. My tent is pitched at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the village, on the bank of the Pungwé. We have only three negroes, for those I brought from Guengeré having got drunk at Chicolé, picked a quarrel with the inhabitants, and after having received a thorough thrashing, fled during the night. I was accordingly compelled to



AN ELAND



IN THE FOREST

camp close to the village in order to have porters every morning to carry my game.

The night is dark and we are asleep ; the dogs are in the tent. Suddenly a shot, followed by a furious galloping, awakes me. Immediately afterwards loud cries proceed from the village. I go up, and the negro armed with the Martini tells me that he saw near him two animals in pursuit. They doubled back and came close to him. It was then that he fired, at a distance of less than a dozen yards. In the morning I read the whole history written on the ground. A lion and lioness had chased a waterbuck ; the male, pursuing the antelope, made it pass an ambush of the lioness, which had taken up her position behind a tree eight yards from our tent. At the shot the victim and its pursuers decamped. Needless to say, they had not been touched : on the other hand, the vigilant sentry had not missed the village, for he had very cleverly planted his bullet right in the middle of a hut, of which the occupants cried with astonishment and fear at finding themselves thus bombarded. To my righteous reproaches my man replied, unwittingly paraphrasing the famous saying of Soubarow,—“The ball is mad.” However this may be, the lions were very good in preferring a haunch of waterbuck to that of a Christian. Sometimes they are not so considerate, and one of Ganda’s men was there as a proof. This Kafir, M’tepea by name, was in company with another Ganda negro, who had

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

killed, in the evening, a big buffalo. They were sleeping alongside the animal, in front of a poor fire, when a lion, seizing M'tepea by the head, dragged him away. Awakened by his cries, Ganda threw himself on the lion, and was fortunate enough to kill it right out. The body of the negro bears indelible traces of the encounter ; the incisor teeth of the great cat having made deep gashes.

During this sojourn at Ganda I procured two new antelopes ; the one of the size of the duiker, red of coat, and the head of both sexes surmounted by a tuft in which are concealed the horns. The Kafirs call this animal *coutwa*. When sent to the museum this animal was recognised by Professor Trouessart as an unknown subspecies, and received from him the name of *Cephalophus natalensis vassei*.

The *coutwa* is a denizen of the dense thickets ; very wary, it is excessively difficult to shoot in the midst of the covert where it skulks. It is a pretty little beast, as well suited for the spit as it is pleasant to look upon.

The other antelope is much larger, as it sometimes attains a height of 5 feet 6 inches at the withers. This is the eland (*Oreas canna*). Living alone or in herds, which I have never seen containing more than a dozen head, this animal should be considered, if not the most beautiful, at all events the largest species of the family of antelopes. Its coat, which is tawny in the cows and calves, becomes grey in the bulls.



MALE WATERBUCK

IN THE FOREST

It is striped, in the form of ribs, with white bands descending from the spine and running towards the belly. The forehead and the throat are ornamented with tufts of hair ; both sexes carry horns, which vary in length from 30 to 37 inches in the males, and from 31 to 39 in the females. Next to the great pachyderms and the buffaloes, the eland is the finest game the sportsman can gain. To shoot it, a good deal of trouble is, however, necessary, for it is a great traveller, and when you have discovered its fresh tracks, it is by no means certain that you will cut its throat : it is necessary to follow the beast for weary hours, and if the wind changes, or if you let yourself come within range of its eyes, which are keen, you will be certain to be disappointed. The eland daily performs long journeys ; having a craving appetite to satisfy, it requires tender herbs and fresh shoots, the bark of certain mimosas, and the leaves of resinous trees. It is perhaps the animal which supplies the most fat to the hunter, without reckoning its abundant and excellent meat ; I have known an eland yield twenty-five loads of meat.

Naturally the Kafirs are partial to this great beast, of which they annually kill an enormous number. It is, moreover, not to be wondered at that a host of legends are connected with the eland, of which the following are samples :—Whoever has not a gift cannot kill an eland ; he follows it a long time, when the animal disappears, without leaving any traces :

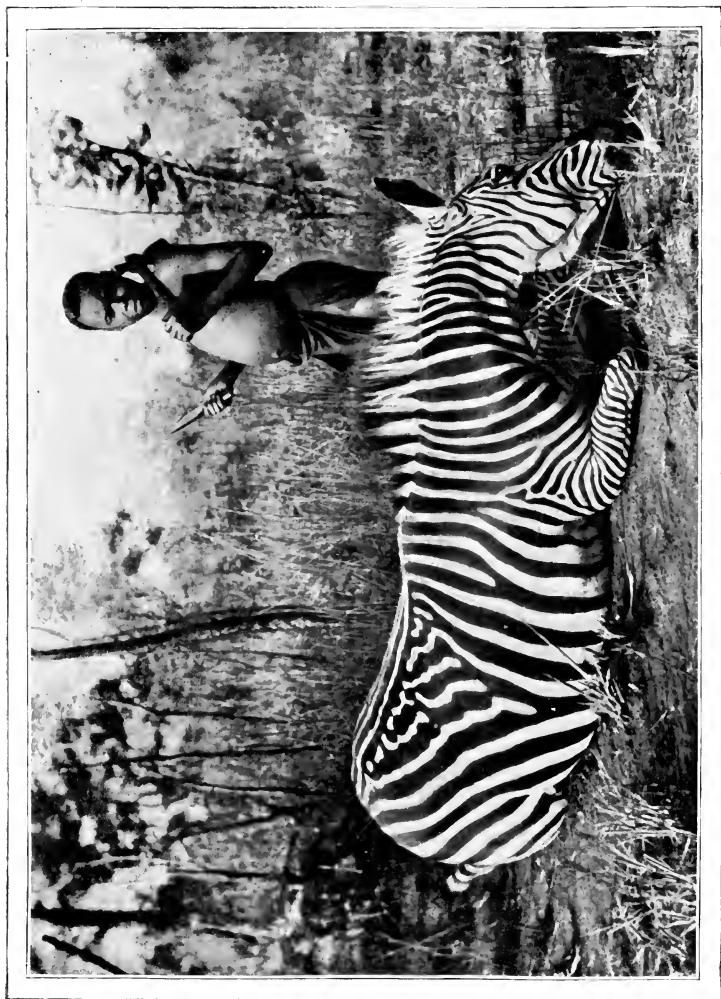
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the Kafir who has killed an eland ought to return to his village before touching it ; if he breaks this rule, he loses it while taking it home. A Kafir, whose wife is *enceinte*, ought not to eat eland-meat, under pain of seeing his wife delivered of a deformed infant or one with an animal's head.

Before leaving the village of Ganda I took occasion to make a special study of the *béverage* which the Kafirs make from palm-trees, and which they call *utchema*. Each species, whether it be a borassus, a hyphena, or a phenix, gives a sap of particular flavour, as easy to distinguish as a glass of Bordeaux from a glass of Burgundy or from a beaker of champagne.

To obtain this beverage, they cut the "cabbage," of the palm in an inclined plane, in such a manner as to let the liquid flow into a trough made from a leaf of the tree, which leads to a receptacle. Twice a day the beverage is removed and the section cut afresh, in order to remove the clots which hinder the sap from flowing. A palm yields about $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints daily for a month. During the two days following the first cut the beverage is bitter. At the end of a fortnight it becomes acid.

Palm-wine is excellent, not only for thirst, but still more for health. It is diuretic and slightly purgative. If permitted to ferment it becomes strongly alcoholised ; and it is in this state that it is most appreciated by the negroes. I know of villages where the inhabitants from one year's end to another make themselves



WAHLBERG'S ZEBRA

IN THE FOREST

drunk with this beverage. It is a great resource for the Kafirs in times of scarcity, as this nutritious drink prevents them dying of hunger. In spite of the numbers of palm-trees, they will be destroyed by the drain made upon them by this tapping, unless the Government takes care. Scarcely ten per cent. of the cut trees escape death, and I have seen vast plains covered with dead palms.

On my return to Guengeré I spent several days there, and then started for a place on the river Nioronga, where I saw such abundant traces of buffaloes, elephants, and various kinds of antelopes that I decided to remain a week. Contrary to my custom, I was accompanied by a soldier of the native police to protect me from the difficulties I have experienced with the Ganda natives, who became insolent towards the close of my stay. The sepoy whom the commandant sent me is a giant, named Candiero, who had already served as a guide to the Prince of Orleans, on the two occasions when he came here to shoot. As he is an important personage, he is accompanied by a servant and his son. He promenades gravely, carrying his rifle in his hand and a gorgeous many-coloured umbrella, each of his steps being emphasised by the jingling of the copper rings with which his legs are adorned.

I was also able to procure a new tracker to replace the three negroes who deserted their service and regained their respective villages.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

Chassahucca, as he is called, is a perfect type of the superstitious negro. Every morning, before starting, he consults the stones, who tell him whether we shall kill any game. Round his neck hangs a collar to which are attached a dozen horns of small antelopes. This is his great charm. He has, in each horn, a special remedy which serves to protect him from the lions, the crocodiles, the snakes, the elephants, from bad luck, from all diseases, and from all possible accidents.

Directly I have killed an animal, he throws himself upon it, and extracts a small portion of the retina, which he puts in a horn ; a sovereign " medicine," he explains to me, to kill every other beast of the same family. His joy is complete, if, having no need of the specimen, I permit him to cut from the forehead a small triangle of skin, which he threads on a string. He endeavours to persuade me to attach all this apparatus to the muzzle of my rifle, and, on my energetic refusal, decides to carry it himself.

This change was not fortunate, for I killed neither an elephant nor a buffalo ; I was compelled to content myself with specimens of antelopes already known to me, and to a new species of swine known as the wild pig. While the wart-hog lives in open country far away from villages, the wild pig retires to the most dense thickets, and levies heavy toll on the crops of the natives. Although its relative burrows, this species simply makes a lair. This animal is of the



A REEDBUCK

IN THE FOREST

size of a big wild boar, with short tusks and hair long, abundant, and a mixture of tints, white, black, and red ; each side of the face is marked with two warts between the eye and the ear. Since it is nocturnal, this animal is but seldom encountered, and its acquisition is always regarded as a piece of good luck for the hunter.¹

The other leading events of this stay were an encounter with two kudus, which I could not shoot, and the discovery of pits dug by the natives for elephants, in which a few weeks previously they had taken a small male. It was owing to my sepoy that I did not tumble headlong into these cleverly concealed traps.

I am disposed to return to my head-quarters, when the information with which I am furnished decides me to descend the hills of the Nioronga to the plains where I have already hunted with Ganda.

At the moment I arrive at the Nioronga, two negroes accompanied by a couple of sepoy were carrying to Bamboo Creek a chest containing the revenue cash which the commandant is sending to Beira. It is five o'clock in the evening ; and as it will be night an hour later they hasten their pace in order to reach the village of Chicari on the Pungwé. On a sudden they see in the pathway traversing the plains two crouching lions, which bar the way and are growling. The two porters leave the chest, the two soldiers their guns,

¹ The Kafirs call it *coumba*.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

and all four climb some mimosas for safety. Later on I saw the trees, covered with thorns of two or three inches in length, and wondered how these gentry had been able to climb them. After the lions had watched the ascent, they came and gravely sniffed at the package and carbines, and then, disdaining these unknown implements, were not long in disappearing into the darkness of the twilight. In the morning, at sunrise, a small troupe of zebras regarded with astonishment the four perching Kafirs, one of whom, dressed in a gorgeous red blouse, looked like a macaw escaped from a cage. It was not till after a careful inspection that my four braves descended, not without many grimaces, lame from sitting in the tree all night, and their bodies pierced with thorns which they had meanwhile not recognised.

This narrative arouses in me a vivid desire to interview these lions, and I decide to camp on the border of a marsh close to the scene of adventure. I kill a zebra which I leave as a bait, and which I find on the morrow quite untouched. In compensation, this day provided me with a pretty picture. After refraining from killing numerous waterbucks, hartebeests, and zebras, I shot four oribis, a bushbuck, two reedbucks, and three gnus of a variety I had not previously obtained. Black, with reflections of blue, grey, or white, according to the light, this curious animal, which, with the head of an ox, the shoulders of an antelope, and the mane and tail of a horse, approaches



THE BLUE DUKER



IN THE FOREST

the size of a cow. Males and females carry horns, of which good measurements range from 27 to 29 inches, and from 20 to 22 inches, according to the sex. I have seen troops of gnus containing as many as 5,000 head. They frequent the vast, bare plains, which they never leave except to spend the hot hours in the small thorny woods bordering these expanses.

When wounded, this animal should be approached with caution. Its flesh is coarse, and its hide thick. The tail is highly esteemed by the Kafir sorcerers, being used in their incantations: the hairs are woven into bracelets and collars, highly prized by the natives. By the Kafirs this antelope is called *niombo*. After my return to Guengeré, on October 31st, I start on November 2nd with two negroes to the border of the concession in order to kill a small antelope, when a highly disagreeable adventure befel me, which at one moment threatened to end tragically, and which I ought to relate in detail.

At a distance of two kilometres we came on the tracks of a troop of five buffaloes—four cows and one bull—which had passed a short time previously. Although I had not with me the express, I took up the trail, and, after a chase of two hours, came up with the herd, lying down in tall grass, with the exception of one heifer which kept watch.

As I dominated from the bank of the Nyantonga the troop halted by the side of its bed, I determine to shoot the sentinel in the neck, close to the head, in a manner

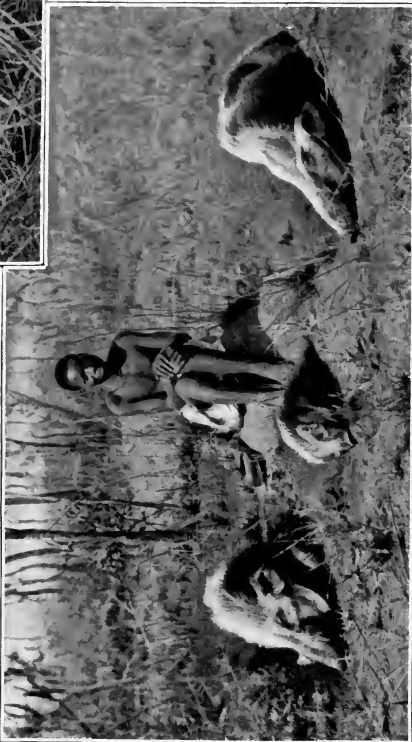
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

to kill it outright ; after which, taking advantage of the stupefaction of the rest, I shall try to shoot another beast. I had put several balls in my Mannlicher. At the shot the animal selected does not fall. Making a half-turn, the whole troop charges towards me at a gallop, the heifer being wounded in the head. I send a second ball at her chest which does not stop her. The whole band files obliquely past me at a distance of twenty paces, and I have time to fire and wound in the neck the bull and one cow. Sad at not having dropped one head, I proceed to examine the trail, upon which I detect blood. At this moment I hear a crash on my left ; I advance, and find the animal, which had been wounded twice, lying dead. The first ball had penetrated the neck, breaking the right transverse process of one of the vertebræ without disarticulating the spinal column. The second, entering at the chest, had traversed the heart and stopped near the loins.

I send one of my men to Guengeré to bring my breakfast, my photographic apparatus, and some porters ; after which, with Chassahucca, I follow the wounded animal. In about half-an-hour we arrive at a ravine choked with dense vegetation. The tracks disappear, and I am just about to open my mouth to tell my man that we had better go back, in order to see whether the animals have come out, when I see him throw up his rifle and fire. The smoke comes in my direction, and prevents me from seeing distinctly ; nevertheless



A WILD PIG



A TRIO OF WILD SWINE

IN THE FOREST

I perceive a mass moving in the thicket. I send a ball, and hear at the same instant Chassahucca crying "Look out."

At the same moment he swings himself on to a bough and sits there. I perceive, scarce ten yards distant, rushing through the thicket, the wounded cow, which charges me with lowered head. To reload my rifle, bring it to the shoulder, aim, and fire, all this demands much time ; and, with such a weak weapon, I have little hope of stopping so big a mass. Near me, on the right, is a big tree. I endeavour to gain it, and, behind the shelter of its trunk, avoiding the thrusts of the horns, reload, and finish her. I make the attempt, but I perceive the approach of the animal, which is gaining on me, and I see that I shall be unable to reach the shelter. I believe myself lost ; in one wink of the eye my whole life passes before me. I dream that I shall die on the day of the fête of the dead. On a sudden I recall that the naturalist Delegorgue, who hunted in South Africa some sixty years ago, escaped from death in similar circumstances by crouching on the ground. There is no time to lose. I turn on the left foot, so as to present only my side to the animal, and throw myself on the ground, my head between my outstretched arms, my face towards the earth, my rifle beside me. It is only just in time, for the beast gives me a thrust of her horn, which passes beneath me, and does no more harm than unbutton my waistcoat. She halts and endeavours

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

to gore, but only succeeds in rubbing my back with her forehead, the form of her forehead preventing her from reaching the ground. She kneels down and recommences, without any better success. I am covered with her blood. Then she raises herself, and marching over my right hand, which she scarifies, and bruising my right thigh, passes over me and remains motionless. I gently stretch out my hand to reach my rifle and reload it. I intend to turn myself suddenly on my back, without raising myself, to fire point-blank. At the moment I am about to execute this manoeuvre she passes back on my left, gives a kick with her foot to my rifle, and crushes my hat. She makes a short pause, and then starts off at a fast trot, with head elevated and fierce mien. I spring to my feet and cry to the negro, "Fire, fire." I seize my rifle and reload, but by the time I get it to my shoulder the beast has re-entered the thicket. My man arrives, showing me his carbine, of which the extractor will not discharge the empty cartridge. Perhaps it is as well, as he is quite capable of hitting me in place of killing the buffalo. After a visit to the carcase of the first beast, I return home, and on the morrow, armed with my certus-rifle, again take up the track of the two wounded animals, which I never overtake in spite of a forced march.

Formerly as abundant as the gnus, the buffaloes were decimated by the epidemic of rinderpest in 1895. There remain only small herds, which live indifferently



A COW BUFFALO

IN THE FOREST

on the plain and in the forest. This buffalo is an animal of great strength, of powerful build, and of proverbial ferocity. Its very thick hide is black, and its tail long, and terminating in a tuft of hairs. The pursuit of this animal when wounded is very dangerous. Entering a thicket, it changes its direction, goes in front, and conceals itself. At the moment the hunter, who is following its trail, passes, it rushes headlong at him, from behind or from the side, and disembowels him with a stroke of its horn.

Nevertheless, buffaloes succumb to the attack of lions, who take them by surprise, usually by tracking them, as it is a general rule to find, behind a troop of buffaloes, a party of lions following the ruminants, in expectation of a favourable opportunity.

But it is not only when he is in company that the lord of the forest attacks the buffalo ; frequently a solitary old bull, or a heifer about to calve is brought to the ground by a single lion after a frightful struggle. It happened to me one night to hear the echoes of one such terrible contest. It was at first a furious battle in the course of which the bellowings did not yield in any way to the growlings, where the saplings bent under the weight of the adversaries, where the trunks of the trees groaned under the blows of horns, which had now become maladroit. Afterwards the fight grew less fierce ; there was a groan of agony ; and finally a great silence, broken only towards morning by the roarings of the conqueror proclaiming his victory to the dawn.

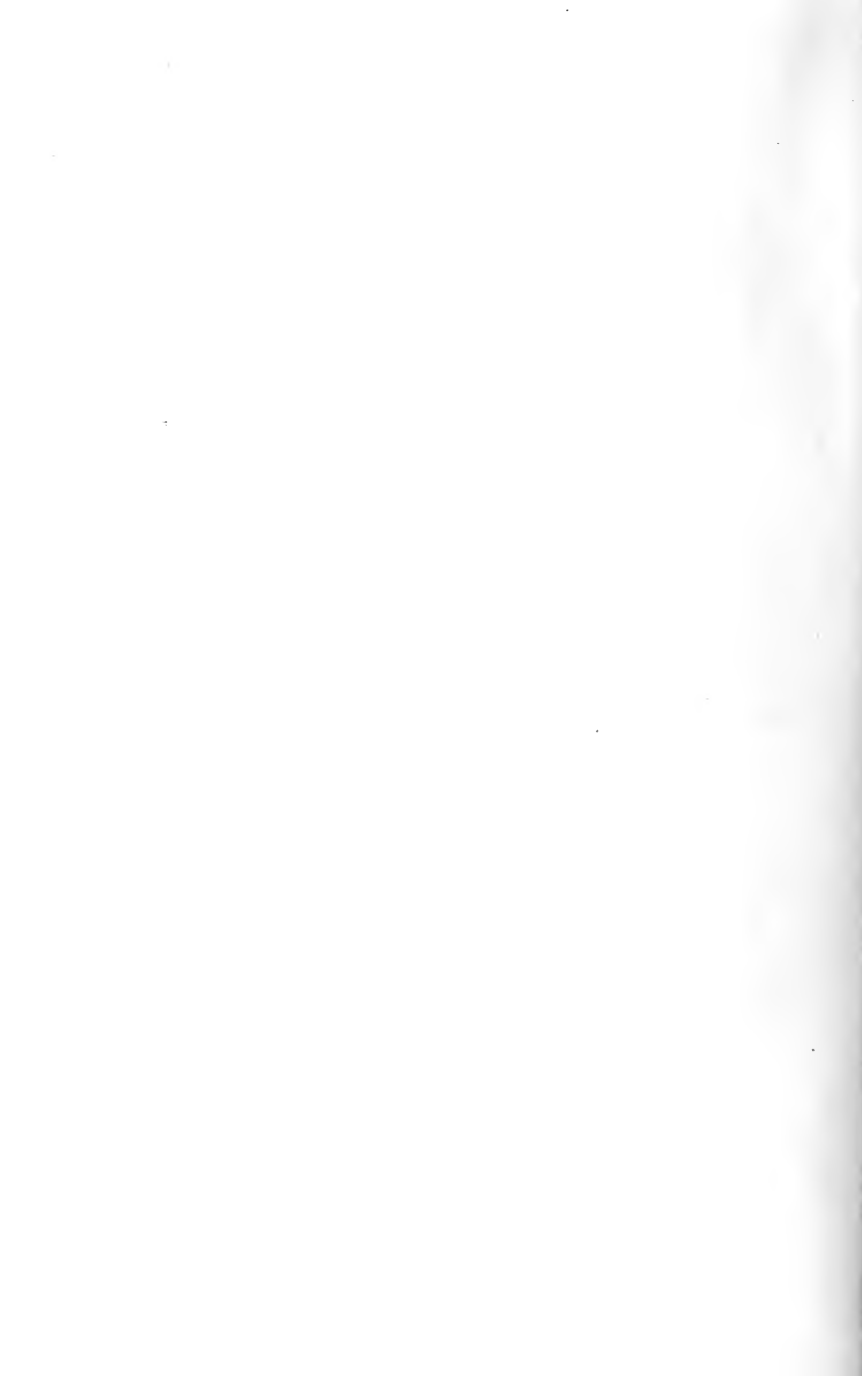
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

An excursion on the plateau of Gilly, where I penetrate to the river Vunduzi, the boundary of the provinces of Gorongoza and Barwé, brings me a very formidable and agile serpent, the grey mamba, which I kill with a ball at the moment when it was going to spring upon us, and also a species of small antelope known to English sportsmen as the blue duiker.

This was my last trip ; a new regulation applying to this colony, prohibiting hunting from December 31st to May 1st has just been issued, and in awaiting the result of the application I am making to obtain a special licence, I am bound to respect the prohibition, after having celebrated the concluding day by a hunt in which I kill a wart-hog, a bushbuck, two blue duikers, and a blue monkey.



A BLUE, OR BRINDLED, GNU



CHAPTER IV

DURING THE RAINY SEASON

TRAPPING Harmful Animals—An Encounter with Leopards—An Enterprising Lion—The Red Lynx—The Civet—The Porcupine—A Gigantic Rat—Monitors—Certain Birds—Kafir Modes of Tanning and Dyeing—Journey to the Gorongoza—The Ascent of N'hatete—Luis, the King of Gorongoza—Manuel Antonio Gouveia—Richness of the Country in Timber—I Reduce my Menu to the most simple style possible—The Python—Excursion on the Pungwé—The Province of Barwé—An Interesting Cure—The Misdeeds of the Crocodile—An Encounter with Elephants—An Angry Female—An Agonising Night.

REDUCED to compulsory inactivity by the closure of hunting and the appearance of the first rains, I occupy my leisure in trapping noxious animals, of which I recognised numerous tracks on the paths of the neighbourhood. I have at my disposal three iron traps, of German pattern, which Mr. Puech sent me ; two of them weigh forty-four lbs. and have a double action, the third has only a single bar and weighs less.

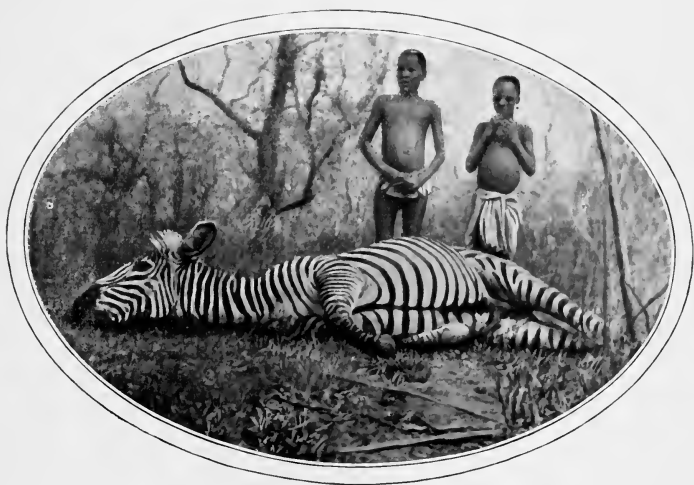
I trap with bait on the track, after having determined the passage of carnivora, which, as a rule, always follow the same route in their nocturnal wanderings. When I try with bait, I build a small cabin surrounded with thick thorns, leaving an open space at the entrance in which the trap is set. In the interior I place a morsel of the meat of an animal, it may be of a goat or of a young pig. At the end of

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the trap is a chain of a yard in length ; this is fastened to a log of wood of the size of one's thigh, of which the branches have been cut off at about a foot from their bases and well sharpened. The chain should never be attached to a fixed point, for the animal, feeling an invincible resistance, promptly proceeds to decamp. On the other hand, when the robber is taken, it drags away the trap, the chain, and the log. At the price of considerable efforts, it gradually moves off, but not very far. In the morning I take up the trail, which is very easy to follow ; when I approach the animal, a growling announces the fact, and almost immediately afterwards the furious beast charges. It must then be stopped by a bullet or a charge of buckshot.

Under such conditions, as may well be imagined, the charge of an animal is not very terrifying ; it is made by successive bounds and falls, but the beast still preserves a certain agility which necessitates a quick shot. One has to take the chance that the beast, imperfectly caught, may free itself from the jaws of the trap, and, by a supreme effort, regain its liberty ; when, with a power doubled by rage and pain, it hurls itself on the hunter far more quickly than he reckons.

Apart from this, it is an amusing sport, which affords a certain amount of excitement when the animal, whether leopard or lion, receives you with open lips, ears thrown back, stiffened tail, protruded



SELOUS'S ZEBRA



THE RAINY SEASON

claws, and ferocious mien, growling at the same time with all the power of its throat.

During this season I killed, on Mr. Puech's concession alone, twenty leopards, one lioness, five hyænas, two civets, three dog-faced baboons, two bushbucks, and three porcupines. During two periods in which I was absent this season my dear wife valiantly killed with her 20-bore and buckshot two leopards, one hyæna, and one porcupine ; the rest were killed by myself.

I cannot give here the details of each capture ; and will content myself with narrating two of the most interesting. On the 16th of May a negro, on his return from his village, woke me up at daybreak and told me that when passing along the track, near which was placed a baited trap, an enormous animal securely held in the trap had endeavoured to spring upon him. He could not tell me whether it was a lion or a leopard. I dressed in haste and ran to the spot. With a fierce growling, a huge leopard sprang towards me, making trap, chain, and log rebound. He was about fifteen yards distant, and the first ball, well placed but unfortunate, did not stop him ; he made two bounds before receiving my second projectile, which made him roll over struggling at a distance of seven yards from me. A long spasm coursed over his limbs, his claws shot forth and then slowly retracted, and the pupils of the eye, dilated by the struggle, became glassy. All was over. The leopard

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

was the largest I killed, measuring about seven and a half feet in length.¹

Well satisfied at this luck, I return with the animal, carried by two negroes who are as pleased as myself at the thought of the distribution of liquor which always follows big captures, My wife, who wanted to assist in this affair, was preparing to skin the beast, and I am making ready to help her, when I recollect that there is another trap set in the path, near a patch of cotton, which has not yet been visited. There may be an unexpected chance of finding something in it, and I think it advisable to exchange my rifle for my wife's 20-bore, in order to shoot any partridge I may come across.

In order to save myself the fatigue of traversing the dew-soaked cotton-plants, I follow a path which skirts the plantation. I am close to the trap when I see the negro, whose business it is to visit the traps each morning, who has made a short cut, proceeding in advance of me. I watch him arrive within a score of yards of the trap. I hear nothing, and replace my gun on my shoulder. Suddenly a ferocious growling resounds; I see the negro turn round and flee at top speed and a magnificent leopard bounding behind him. The cotton-crop, on account of being too young, does not hold the trap, which the leopard is dragging behind it with surprising ease: the negro is losing ground and will be caught. At all hazard I

¹ 2 metres, 32 centimetres.



A BRACE OF LEOPARDS

THE RAINY SEASON

bring into play the 20-bore, although I do not reckon upon stopping the beast at eighty yards, even with the buckshot. By a lucky chance the log became caught in a heap of herbage accumulated during a weeding; the leopard, checked in his spring, rolls to the ground; the negro regains his advantage, and is saved. I remain face to face with the animal, which growls as it regards me, crouches down, and awaits me. I call out to the negro to bring me my rifle, soon after he arrives with the Mannlicher, with which, by means of a ball in the shoulder, I bring the episode to a close. This leopard, nearly as fine as the last, measures about seven feet.¹ Needless to say that my men received a double ration of gin. Alas! the unfortunate negro did not profit by this; he was compelled to take to his bed on account of the fright he had undergone, and on the morrow developed a severe attack of jaundice, which rendered him useless for three weeks.

During the following night we were awakened by frightful cries; a negro rushed to the house and called out that a leopard was attacking the pigs in the enclosure. We rush out in haste, but when we reach the sties, built at a distance of some fifteen hundred yards from the house, the robber, frightened by the cries of the caretaker, had fled. We find that the leopard had leapt on the roof, and, after having torn it off, had jumped inside. We enter and find

¹ 2 metres, 25 centimetres.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

four pigs killed and many wounded ; the beast had escaped by forcing two palings. A little of his hair left in the breach indicated his passage. I had forgotten to ascertain the time, and did not know whether it would soon be day. To spend the night in this place, where the mosquitoes are in legions, is impossible. On the other hand, after our departure, the beast may return and recommence the massacre. I accordingly resort to the following stratagem : I draw forth the carcase of a pig and place it outside, facing the point of exit of the beast. If the leopard returns, it will find this victim and drag it into some bush to devour. In the morning we will take up the track, and if we cannot shoot the robber, will set a trap by what remains of his victim and so capture him.

Matters happened in this manner. In the morning we find that the bait had been dragged away ; we accordingly follow the groove made in the soil as the carcase was dragged away and enter a vast reed-brake, when on a sudden one of the men in advance calls out to me : " Bondolo " (a lion). I look, and can scarcely believe my eyes. Yes, it is in truth a lioness which had attacked the enclosure ; its tracks are clearly impressed in the damp soil.

I consider that in the thicket where we are it would be dangerous to follow the animal, as one could not fire if attacked, and we accordingly return to the yard. I cause all the fences and the roof to be covered with thorny boughs, leaving only a passage leading

THE RAINY SEASON

to the gap through which the lioness escaped ; while on the further side of the trap already set I place the carcase of another pig. I feel sure that the lioness will return, for pork presents such an attraction to these robbers that they find it irresistible.

The following night a brute of a hyæna repairs to the trap, and the day is spent in alarms caused by the negroes, who pretend they have seen the lion. On the night of the 20th-21st, at five o'clock in the morning, one of the watchers rushed in to tell us that the beast is taken. We descend immediately, well armed and provided with a lantern. From the station of the watchers we hear the lioness growling fiercely. We enter the pig-sty, endeavouring to see her, but it is impossible ; it is too dark, and we must await the dawn before firing. As soon as it is sufficiently light to see the sight of a rifle we return to the yard. I leave to Puech, who has never yet killed a lion, the honour of the first shot. So soon as the lioness catches sight of us, she makes a furious charge, but she falls immediately, struck by a Mannlicher ball in the neck.

Just as we are making preparations to remove the skin, the terrified negroes rush in and say that a lion is roaring. We repair to the spot indicated, and distinctly hear amid the tall grass an animal in flight. It is the inconsolable spouse, which, during three days and as many nights has circled round the concession, proclaiming the death of his mate to all the

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

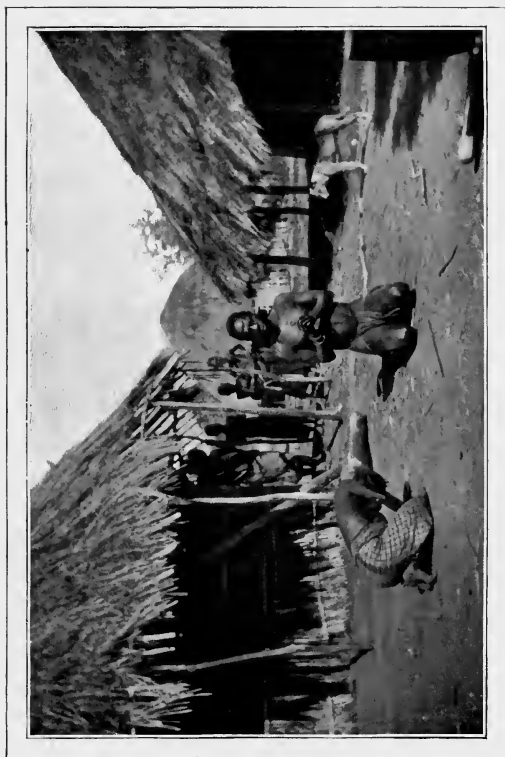
echoes, and playing at hide-and-seek with me without affording the opportunity of firing a shot. On the fourth day he disappeared; but several months afterwards he again took up his quarters in the neighbourhood, accompanied by a new consort.

There is another feline which I shot close to the house, namely the lynx, which feeds upon hares, partridges, and guinea-fowls. I have seen only a single species of civet; those I have killed were of the size and shape of a large fox, with a long black and grey coat. This nocturnal animal is omnivorous, feeding not only upon flesh, but likewise on insects and fruits. It has the remarkable property of yielding civet, secreted by a gland situated near the vent.¹

Everyone is familiar with the porcupine, that great destroyer of crops, which the natives call *nongo*, and of which they highly appreciate the flesh. I have killed three.

I also captured, during this rainy season, a curious rodent, a sort of rat, *Cricetomys gambianus*, more than a yard and a half in length, which the natives call *rupini*. It lives in colonies in a burrow, and is a great devourer of crops. I also captured two kinds of monitors or miscalled iguanas; the one, which lives in the woods, grey and black, and the other, which

¹ The Kafirs term the lion indifferently *bondolo*, *calamou*, and *goug-namar*; the leopard, *nialougwé* or *kamba*; the lynx or caracal, *jauri*; and the civet, *m'fongo*.



KAFIR SALUTATIONS

THE RAINY SEASON

is more common and frequents the banks of streams, with a more sombrely-coloured skin. The skins of both these kinds of lizards are employed in ornamental leather-work.

Birds-of-prey were also captured without difficulty during this period ; but I will not record the names of the seventeen different kinds of which I preserved the skins. It will suffice to refer to the kite, the eagle with red feet, to whom the absence of a tail gives such a curious appearance when soaring, and the handsome fishing-eagle, a solemn personage with a brown coat, white waistcoat, and powdered head, who from time to time utters on river-banks his two piercing and mournful notes. I also procured a species of green parrot, and a pretty grey-and-rose paroquet which seemed to be a migrant here.

Finally, I made a number of interesting observations upon the plants and insects of the district, as well as in regard to the manners of the natives, whose language we now speak passably well. Among the most common labours to which the Kafirs habitually devote themselves, the tanning of hides is one of the most curious ; the following being their manner of procedure :—

The skin, partially dried in the sun, is very carefully scraped dry by means of an old knife, and cleaned from any fragments of flesh which may be adhering to it ; next they dress it with grease, and the tanner with a well-polished pebble rubs the skin in order

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

to make the grease penetrate. In a short time the hide becomes extremely supple; after which it is plunged into a decoction obtained by macerating tamarind-bark in water. The flesh-side of the skin thus acquires a fine red tinge, while the smell of the preparation keeps away insects. I have seen skins prepared by this method keep for years. This is, however, by no means the only dyeing preparation used by the natives; I am also acquainted with two black dyes, the one obtained from the seeds of a mimosa, and the other from the leaves of a tree, by means of which they dye black their drawers and other garments. In the two latter instances the dye is applied hot.

After these events the rains seem to be slackening, which determines me to undertake a trip to the Gorongoza mountains, and I accordingly start with four negroes.

It is at the foot of these mountains that Luis, the king of Gorongoza, established his residence. Luis was a Portuguese negro, very intelligent, provided with an education much superior to that of the Kafir, and speaking Portuguese, which he had learnt at a mission-station on the Zambezi, very well. He had always a great hatred of the whites. A first expedition had to be sent against him so long ago as 1899, to which he submitted. But at the time of the Barwé war, in 1903, he thought that the time had come to assert himself, and he made preparations for revolt.



A TRAPPED PORCUPINE

THE RAINY SEASON

The Portuguese, who had obtained information of this, arrested him, and, after a trial, he was shot, together with Cambwemba, one of his most influential chiefs. Since that time Gorongoza has not had a native sovereign, by no means to the disadvantage of its inhabitants.

From N'hatete I reach the valley of the Inhandahlé after a very severe march and pass the night in a hut barricaded with special care. This is because this district is infested with a multitude of lions, which hunger, at this season of abstinence for the carnivora, renders ready man-eaters. I can cite the instance of a village where, in the course of a fortnight, the lions devoured an entire family.

The next day's march is one of the most trying ; we walk, for three hours, along the Inhandahlé, wading into the waters close by the jaws of the crocodiles. On one occasion, when endeavouring to jump a ditch, I slip on the greasy soil and fall into the midst of an army of carnivorous ants on the march. These ants are big and formidable, being armed with formidable jaws. I am covered, and have no other resource but to strip myself naked ; at the same time cursing and shaking with rage and pain, while my men pick off those which have taken up their abode in my clothes, and pull out those which have attached themselves to my skin like nails. Shortly afterwards I reach an old fortress built in former days by the Portuguese. It appears to have been an important

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

centre, of which the only traces now remaining are heaps of rubbish and a splendid mango-tree. A dense vegetation has sprung up to cover the barren effort, which doubtless cost much treasure and many lives. It appears that this fort was established by a Portuguese captain named Oliveira. Its situation was, however, very badly chosen, as it is in the middle of a plain inundated for part of the year and infested with mosquitoes, whereas at the distance of a few kilometres the spurs of the Gorongoza mountains offer an admirable site, both from the hygienic and the strategic point of view. During the afternoon I arrive at the village of Demba, at the foot of the ancient fortress of Massara, which formed the principal seat of the military operations of a certain Manuel Antonio Gouveia, who merits special mention.

He is one of the most remarkable figures in the history of the country, this Goa half-caste, who, succeeding his uncle, took on lease from the Portuguese Government an immense territory where he pillaged, ravished, decapitated, acquired the monopoly of commerce and of elephant-hunting, and enthralled in a most despotic yoke entire nationalities. At one time he aided the Portuguese against the English in their frontier wars, and received as a reward the title of captain. Made prisoner by the English and taken to Europe, he came back to reign once more ; but ended by perishing miserably in an ambush in the course of an expedition undertaken against the Barwé



THE COMMON MONITOR ("IGUANA")

THE RAINY SEASON

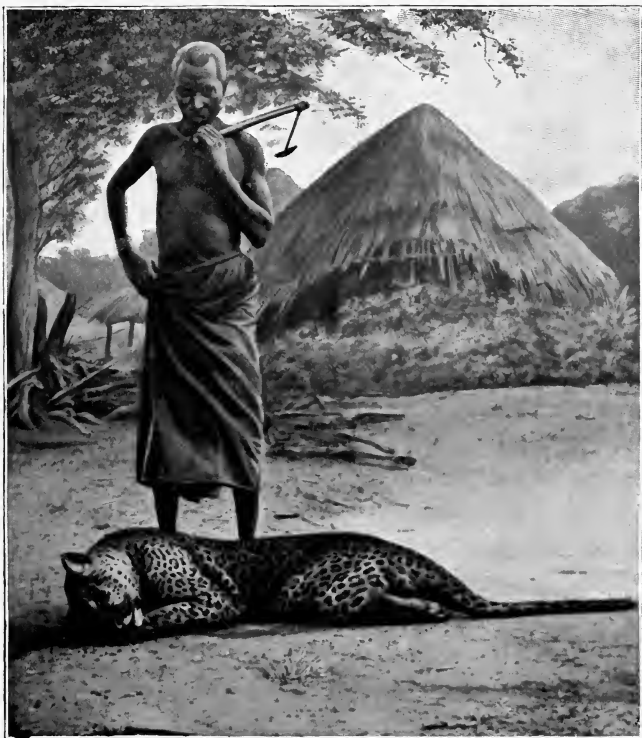
people. Scarcely was his body cold, when anarchy broke out in his kingdom. The chiefs disputed and quarrelled among themselves, the treasure was looted, and Massara destroyed ; while of the pile raised by the hand of a despotic mulatto only the ruins remain.

Accompanied by the chief Domba, I proceed to visit the remains of this fortress, where they point out to me the tree on which they used to expose the heads of rebels.

All this country is clothed with a splendid forest, of which the giants with trunks centuries old offer a marvellous field for exploitation. Side by side they grow, mingling their branches, superb acacias with their sombre green foliage, ebony-trees fragrant with perfumed flowers, tamarinds with their thirst-quenching fruits, the wild almonds of which the nuts are plucked both by elephants and monkeys, and the iron-wood trees which even the white ants respect : that giant so straight, is the m'tondo, in which the Kafirs excavate their canoes ; the next, with yellowish leaves, the wmbila, which ought surely to be of service to the cabinet-maker. Further on you may see the lemon-trees, the presence of which the traveller always welcomes with joy. On the hills you behold, low down, the green tints of the wild coffee-bushes. And all this manifestation of exuberant nature, rich in untold wealth, is there, spread before your eyes, and seeming to proclaim to you : " See how well prepared I am to receive you."

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

Provided with a guide, I arrive the following morning at the river Mōezi, which, fortunately, has already fallen six feet, since without this we should have been unable to cross. As it is, the passage takes a couple of hours, as the current is rapid and the bottom bad. We have at times the water up to our necks. We march all day and hope to-morrow to reach Tambarara, the head-quarters of the district, when, on reaching the banks of the Vunduzi, I find that it is impossible to cross. My disappointment is great, for I have no longer anything to eat. My provisions, calculated for a journey of eight days, are exhausted, despite the economy that has been exercised. I am reduced to the following very simple menu :—boiled maize, and as a change, broiled maize. Tempted by the offer of a large reward, a man of the village, after numerous attempts, succeeds in crossing the river : he is the bearer of two letters, the one to the commandant of the district, who I beg to send me some provisions, and the other to my wife, who must be very anxious. Two days later, thanks to a cord and basket I have managed to rig up, I am enabled to replenish my larder. In another two days, the river having fallen, we succeed in crossing the Vunduzi. A march of forty kilometres, interrupted by fourteen crossings of streams, lands me at Tambarara, after having traversed the magnificent forest stretching between the M'kulumazi and the M'eodza. Hospitably received by the commandant, Mr. Bivar and his



ONE OF THE LEOPARDS KILLED ON MR. PUECH'S ESTATE

THE RAINY SEASON

charming wife, I start again on the morrow, and the following day arrive at Guengeré for breakfast. I find all in confusion ; the Pungwé, having risen one-and-twenty feet in a few hours, has demolished the sties and swept away a score of pigs which there was no time to save.

Thus ended this trip to the mountains of the Gorongoza ; it was difficult, but extremely fruitful in geographical results.

My first care on arriving at Guengeré is to confer a substantial reward on the volunteer of the name of Mecque who had saved my life ; I add that he can stay with me as long as he pleases at a regular wage. He replies with enthusiasm that he will stay with me always. I was touched with his protestation of devotion ; but I was wrong. Two days later, as it happened, having a letter to despatch to Commandant Bivar, I summon Mecque and instruct him to be ready to start the following morning. " Alone ? " he replies. " Yes, certainly," I answer ; " it is impossible that a hero like you can be afraid." In the morning I call my faithful servitor ; no one answers. I enquire, and his comrades inform me that he has fled during the night, never to return. This is one example out of a thousand of Kafir character.

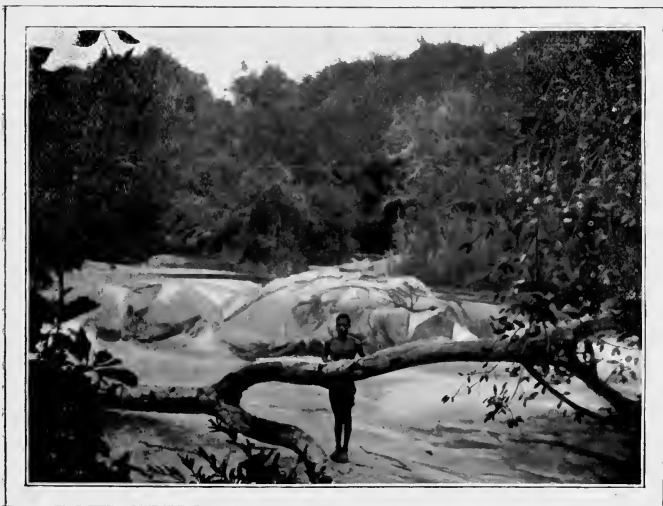
The day after my return I am about to rest myself, when a Kafir rushes in to say that a goat is just being seized by a python. I repair hastily to the spot indicated and perceive the reptile, which is certainly

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

over eighteen feet in length, coiled round the body of the animal. The idea occurred to take a photograph of the group before firing, as the scene is so excellent, and I hand my rifle to my wife and take my kodak. Unfortunately, one of my dogs, which has followed me, goes and puts his nose on the reptile, and at this unpleasant touch the latter uncoils and disappears with startling swiftness. I send a ball after it which does not hit; and deplore the loss of this python, which is finer than any of those I have shot, the largest of these not exceeding fourteen feet.

Towards the end of June my wife and myself make a rush to the upper Pungwé, to try and kill a hippopotamus. I know of a spot, at the embouchure of the M'satwa, where, seven years ago, I killed four in one day. After passing the village of Nyamvwho, where we sleep, and after crossing the river M'biza, we breakfast at the village of Bouti, whence a three hours' march brings us to the place I know. We camp there, and on the morrow I experience the unpleasant surprise of seeing not a single hippopotamus in the river. From M'satwa I push on as far as Moussingazi, with the same result. The natives inform me that a trio of Boers established themselves at Mendigos and slaughtered hecatombs of hippopotamuses, so that none, or very few, remain.

I descend again to Nyamvwho, where the natives say that they know of certain pachyderms. I search for three days, descending as far as the rapids of



ON THE BANKS OF THE MVEZI

THE RAINY SEASON

Inhamissane, and pushing in fact as far as the opposite point of the embouchure of the Vunduzi, with the result of seeing a total of three hippopotamuses which are inaccessible. In compensation I was enabled to map the course of the river, and to admire a magnificent granite gorge of two kilometres in length, between the walls of which the Pungwé, with a width of some fifty yards, flows boiling, foaming, and grand.

This river Vunduzi separates two provinces of the Portuguese colony, namely the Gorongoza and the Barwé. The latter territory was for a long time in open rebellion against the authority of the masters of the country. Even in 1900, when I visited Mozambique, there were few white men, and particularly Portuguese, who ventured to risk themselves in the kingdom of Macombé, the chief of the Barwé. It was not till 1903 that the Portuguese, wearied out, set themselves to a serious expedition, Barwé, invaded from three separate points, submitted almost without resistance. Macombé took to flight, and his kingdom was thereupon thrown open to civilization. It is a country of the future, in all respects comparable, as regards the riches of its forests, to its neighbour, Gorongoza, and probably more favoured than the latter from the point of view of the miner. For from various points there have been reported interesting indications of the occurrence of gold-bearing strata. Finally, it is in Barwé that elephants are most numerous.

Had I not killed some guinea-fowls and a couple of

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

small antelopes, I should have returned in a bad humour from this trip.

The evening that I returned to Guengeré, a young negress was brought in, whose parents besought me to treat her. The poor thing had been seized by a crocodile a fortnight ago while she was bathing in the Pungwé. By good luck her cries were heard; her parents rushed to her assistance and dragged her from the huge reptile at the moment when, lying upon her with all its weight, it was trying to drown her. Treated in Kafir fashion, with powerful cicatrising drugs, the wound, which contained scales of bone splintered off by the teeth, without there being a fracture, closed itself too quickly, enclosing intense suppuration. The knee presented a voluminous phlegmon; the child was in a burning fever. I endeavoured at first to diminish the temperature; afterwards, on the morrow, I opened the phlegmon. After a severe treatment, which lasted forty days, the poor child, Niaw, was able to get up and walk. There remained of the accident only a slight lameness. This adventure, which is of a common type, leads me to say a word about the atrocious crocodile. It is one of the greatest pests of Africa. It is, above all, invisible when watching its prey. On a sudden it launches itself on the imprudent victim, seizes it and carries it off, drowns it, and immediately after conceals the body in a hole in the bank, to which it comes to feast when the flesh is putrescent.



MY TWO BEST LEOPARDS

THE RAINY SEASON

Opposite my house, the same year, besides this young girl, a child fishing on the other bank was seized by a crocodile and badly wounded, and owed its safety solely to the presence of a number of negroes, by whom it was rescued. At Bué-Maria the Kafir entrusted with the care of the plantations of the Gorongoza Company, when seized by a crocodile, struggled courageously with it till someone came to his assistance ; he was badly wounded. At Macurie, the principal station of the company, a child was carried off. The parents found it drowned and concealed among the reeds by the side of the bank. The crocodile was killed upon the corpse. On the Urema, a tributary of the Pungwé, a man, seized by the stomach received horrible wounds, to which he succumbed a few days afterwards.

I devote myself to a very serious statistical investigation, and arrive at the conclusion that five per cent. of the mortality ought to be attributed to crocodiles. The cripples made by them are legion. If we consider the rapidity with which these hideous monsters reproduce their kind, it will be evident that they constitute a veritable danger. I much wish that an international convention would offer a big reward, to be given to the savant who should discover a practical means of destroying these terrible saurians. I was busily engaged in attending to the sick child, when I received a deputation of negroes from some villages situated on the other bank of the Pungwé.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

These natives came to advise me that elephants, in large numbers, were devastating every night their maize-fields. After an inspection of their footprints, I was satisfied that there were some animals of very large size in the herd ; and several days afterwards, I one morning took up the trail, but without being able to overtake them, on account of the great start they had in front of me. I accordingly change my plan ; and decide to start with several negroes, of whom three are excellent trackers. I take as much as is absolutely necessary for four days, and make up my mind not to return till I have either shot the pachyderms or exhausted my supplies. In the evening we camp on the bank of a small river, the Inhampita, a tributary of the Tchimulilo. In the night a rain which nothing can keep off commences to fall. As I had no tent, and as the negroes, confident of good weather, had not made a shelter of maize-stalks, I philosophically lie on cobs under the protection of my cloak, which is not long in becoming soaked. Shortly before dawn the rain ceases ; we dry ourselves at the fire as well as we are able ; and so soon as it is day make a start. Already the marshes are well nigh dried up, and I determine, as a matter of precaution to fill my water-sack at the stream near which we had encamped. Unfortunately, two buffaloes had come during the night to wallow there and had transformed it into a filthy slough. No matter, at the next marsh we shall obtain a supply of water



A LEOPARD TRAP

THE RAINY SEASON

We start, concealed in the great bush, searching for a fresh trail of elephants. At nine o'clock, in the dry bed of a tributary of the Nioronga, we detect the foot-prints of a young male which had passed there a few hours before. We follow the trail, which leads us to a marsh where our animal had joined a band of a dozen of his relations. The whole number, after having satisfied their thirst, rolled themselves in the mud, making great troughs, in which gigantic wild boars appear to have wallowed. The pursuit is continued silently and persistently. It is now one o'clock, we have not found a single drop of drinkable water, and the sun is terrific. I sit down for a moment, during which the negroes tell me that we shall soon see the elephants.

As a matter of fact, scarcely have we ascended a little hill than we hear sounds of the animals of which we are in search. We make our preparations for the combat, which in my case consist in inspecting my weapons, and in that of the negroes in stripping themselves as naked as worms in order to be the more ready for flight in the event of danger. The packages remain under the guard of two men, and we march ahead. On reaching a fairly thin forest, bordered by a bushy ravine, I behold three elephants; others being in advance. A male with tolerably good tusks is in the act of rubbing himself against the trunk of a gigantic tree, which trembles from top to bottom, like a reed in a storm. In front of him walks another

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

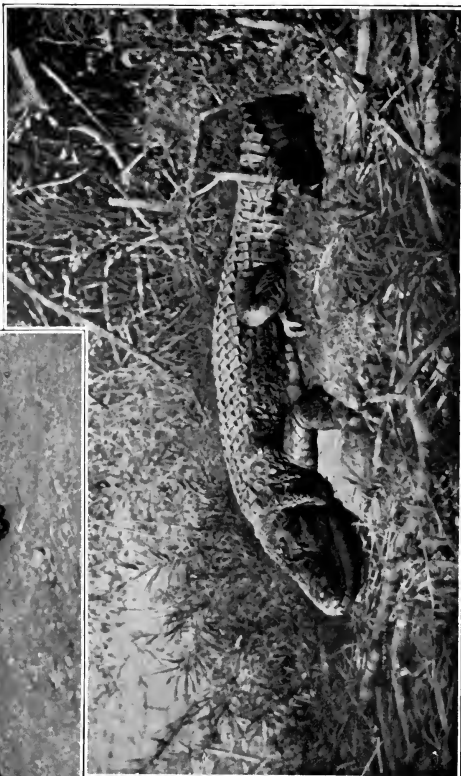
younger male and a big female without tusks. I approach within a distance of ten yards, with my certus-rifle in my hand. As the animal is continually moving its head, and as I cannot see the most vital spots of its body, I resolve to fire when it presents the former. At this moment the wind shifts, and the animal scenting me moves to the left and flees. I rapidly move a few paces to the right and fire behind the shoulder ; but my bullet, although it has hit, does not stop him. It has only just touched the top of the lung.

I prepare to fire again but have not time, as I am brought face to face with the female, who has turned round at the shot, with her trunk rolled up, her ears cocked, barring the way and ready to charge.

She is superb as she thus stands, but I have something else to do than to admire her. In haste I despatch a bullet at her chest which luckily makes her change sides. All this has happened in a few seconds ; soon the grey giants have vanished in the jungle, and all that can be heard of them are their trumpetings as they flee. For some time we follow the bloody trail which the wounded bull has left behind him ; but as the sun is low and we are grievously tormented by thirst, we decide to go and drink at the Pungwé. Scarcely have we started than we hear, close to us, elephants screaming. I run and see a troop of eleven head, three young bulls with small tusks, and five females, of which three are accompanied by calves.



A CIVET



THE CROCODILE, THE PEST OF AFRICAN RIVERS

THE RAINY SEASON

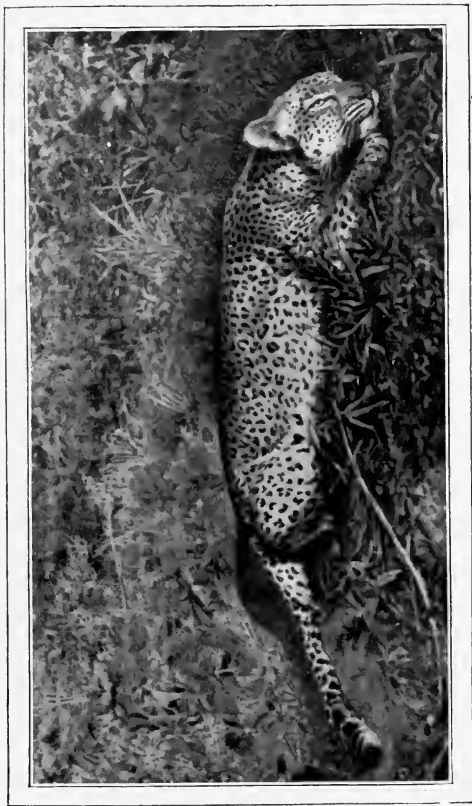
Two of the cows have no tusks ; the negroes sign to me by nodding their heads and repeating the word " Mariri " (chargers). That is the name they give to tuskless females, which are reputed to be vicious. I decide not to fire, for there is not among the party a single beast with good tusks ; moreover, I am almost certain to get the two pachyderms I wounded earlier—a male and a female without tusks—and I am authorised to shoot only a couple of elephants.

We accordingly let the troop move on, and we diverge to the right in order to avoid following the same route. It is now night ; we gain the summit of a low hill, when we hear in the valley at our feet the elephants, which are breaking the branches and plucking the leaves as they feed. We sit down and hold a council. The negroes are uneasy, for the wind is constantly shifting, and if we are perceived we run the risk of being charged by the females, which are much bolder at night than in the daytime. Motionless and anxious, forgetful of hunger and thirst, we await events. Suddenly the sound of a " trumpet " bursts on us, and an indescribable tumult follows. The wind has changed, we are detected, and the whole party has fled with the exception of one female, who charges us. Imagine the situation ! Flight in the darkness is impossible. If we climb a tree, there is not one which can resist an elephant : it is better to fight. I have quickly told the porters who have rifles to hold them in readiness. We will fire

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simultaneously directly the animal is silhouetted against the horizon, afterwards each must save himself as best he can. It is a desperate resolve, and I cannot conceal from myself that deaths are imminent. Suddenly the terrific din is quelled scarcely forty yards away ; the wind has again changed, the brute searches for us, and not finding us redescends the slope and goes in search of the rest of the troop, and joins it in the valley, where it passes the night till about five o'clock.

The hours pass slowly for us mortals ; we are without fire or water, with the tantalising presence of a fine rain, sufficient to wet us, but not to appease one's thirst. At eight o'clock in the morning, on the bank of the Pungwé, I drink my first glass of water after six-and-thirty hours' abstinence ! The privations endured, as well as the two wet nights, induce at nine o'clock a very severe attack of fever. As it is impossible to resume the pursuit, I send my three trackers to ascertain what has become of my wounded animals, while I return as best I can to Guengeré. At midday on the morrow one of my men came to tell me that they have found the female dead at a distance of five hundred yards from the place where I shot her. They followed the bull for a long time, after which they lost him, the rain having obliterated his tracks. I start immediately with my wife. We sleep again at Inhampita, and at ten o'clock, escorted by a crowd of natives arrive at the spot where the elephant fell. By evening



A FEMALE LEOPARD

THE RAINY SEASON

the cutting-up is completed, and I go in search of the bull. Guided by the vultures, I find the carcase in a state of decomposition at a distance of more than a dozen kilometres from the place where I fired. Unfortunately, I am not the first to discover it ; some natives, devoid of conscientious scruples, have stolen the tusks, of which I estimate the weight at about 29 lbs. In spite of the promise of a pardon and even of a reward, the thieves never returned them to me. I deeply regret the loss.

Elephants in this colony are still fairly numerous between the Pungwé and the Zambezi. They are, unfortunately, of greatly inferior size to those of Central Africa, and carry but poor ivory. A bull with tusks weighing 29 lbs. would be regarded as a good average. What is this alongside the tusks of 96, 120, or 144 lbs. which are common on the march to Zanzibar ?

There is also a very large proportion of females, and even of males, without tusks, whose irascible dispositions render hunting them particularly dangerous.

Whatever may happen, I shall never forget these hours of a specially exciting chase ; neither shall I ever forget the sight of three giant elephants, crashing through the dense undergrowth of the bush with as much ease as if they were trampling down the ears in a cornfield.





MY WIFE SEATED ON THE DEAD ELEPHANT

CHAPTER V

IN THE LION COUNTRY

A VOYAGE in a Canoe—Departure for the Tendos—What is a Tendo ? Chitengo and his Son—Installation of a Camp on the Sungwé—Laying Bait for Lions—The Pala—The Tsessebe—My First Lion from the Sungwé—A Double Shot—Five Lions—Another Splendid Day—A Lion as an Unwelcome Guest—An Old Lion—The Tsetse—Two Timid Lions—Sojourn at Sabonga—Removal to Chingole—My Wife Stopped by a Lioness—Return to the Sungwé—Departure for M'Kulumazi—A Leopard that Climbed like a Cat—Sojourn at Gilly—Death of an old Buffalo and an Eland

TAKING advantage of the Pungwé being high, I set out for Guengeré in a native canoe, hollowed out of a tree-trunk, two negroes helping to row it ; and my native servant, Vinho, accompanying me. Besides these four persons, the canoe contained some packages. I intended to go down the river as far as Urema, following its course and collecting aquatic birds. On the first day we reached Chikari, where I passed a wretched night on account of the swarms of mosquitoes. At dawn I hastened to leave this disagreeable spot. On our way we saw a great many birds, and in a short time I managed to kill nine small egrets, two black geese in full flight, two herons, and seven whistling teal, which the Kafirs call *saolili*, a name exactly imitating their whistling. I stopped to breakfast at the village of Chitengo. The negroes of this village tell me that in a vast plain, some hours' march distant, game and

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

lions are abundant. Two Englishmen who have come to hunt there have killed thirteen of the latter in a month ; plenty, however, are still to be found, and during the rainy season three men from the surrounding villages and three of the Commandant's couriers have been eaten by them.

Much attracted by this story, I determined to soon visit these man-eaters myself. Towards three o'clock I arrive at Macuire, the station of the Gorongosa Company. The Portuguese clerk in charge of the plantations offered me a good room, which I discreetly refused, knowing that a number of Portuguese ought to arrive soon, and I took up my quarters in the worst apartment, which was quite good enough for one night.

There was a board missing in the floor, and as the houses are built on piles I might have a dangerous fall at any time, I remedied this by covering the aperture with a plank. Then I went out to examine the concession. I returned at sunset, just as the arrival of the commandant of Chiringoma was announced, and rushed to my room to change my coat. An idiot of a negro had removed the plank I had put there, I caught my leg in the hole, and had a nasty fall on the shoulder. I got up badly bruised, and the next day, when I wanted to set out again, found it impossible to move my right arm. Under these conditions I was unable to continue my journey, and had to return to Guengeré, where I was laid up for three weeks by this accident.

As soon as I was well again I once more resumed



BRINGING IN THE LEOPARD

THE LION COUNTRY

my plans for hunting, and accompanied by my wife, left Guengeré for a three months' expedition to the tendos, a veritable paradise for lions.

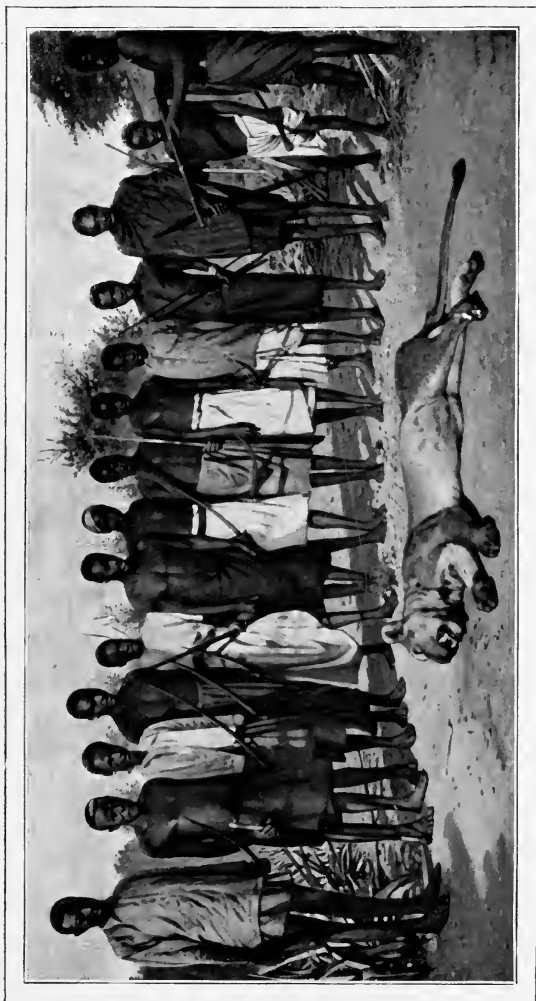
A *tendo* is an immense plain inundated during the rainy season, where, during the winter, when everything is dried up by the sun, vegetation can grow in proportion to the subsiding of the water. The grasses of these plains are stunted and mixed with thistles. All round these open stretches are woods, chiefly composed of various mimosas, and certain palms under which tall grass grows. These forests sharply define the limits of the inundations, which are due to the numerous streams and rivers falling into the low-grounds. Wild animals, eager for green pasturage, naturally congregate in these plains, which extend from the Zambezi to the Pungwé, following the course of the Urema. Lions, which follow the herds in their migrations, are likewise also naturally very numerous in the district.

The villages of Bue-Maria, Ganda, and Chikari being on fire, I arrived at the hut of Chitengo's son to sleep. The late Chitengo was an old captain of Manuel Antonio Gouveia's, who, by turning robber, amassed a large fortune, which chiefly consists of some thirty women and about a hundred children. The village is a large one, and is still in mourning for the deceased chief, who is buried in his own hut, an honour reserved for chiefs. Since the interment a palisade has been erected round the hut.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

In the village I engaged two sons of this great man, who were named Joaqui and Maquina. The former has already acted as guide to several hunters. With one of them he helped to kill two rhinoceroses, with another he was more recently witness of a dramatic episode. His master, a Frenchman and an old colonist, had come to the tendos to hunt lions. One morning he had been lucky enough to find a troop of ten lions where he had set a bait and so rapidly killed four of them. Unfortunately he had wounded a fifth lion, which had taken refuge in the high grass. He was imprudent enough to follow this animal into the jungle, in spite of the warnings of his men. He found himself face to face with the brute, which sprang on him before he could fire and mangled him fearfully before leaving. The negroes, who had fled, returned, took up the wounded man and carried him to Bamboo Creek, whence he was sent to the hospital at Beira. He died there three days later.

A four hours' march through thick bush, brought us to the tendo of the Sungwé. The Sungwé is only a continuation of a number of streams of which the most important is the M'sicatzi. Before us, so far as the eye can reach, the horizon is black with game. There are from four to five thousand gnus, about 1,500 zebras, seven or eight hundred waterbuck, and two or three hundred palas scattered about on this vast plain. As we went along, in order to try a Mauser I had just bought, I killed a wart-hog; and we pitched



MY FIRST LIONESS

THE LION COUNTRY

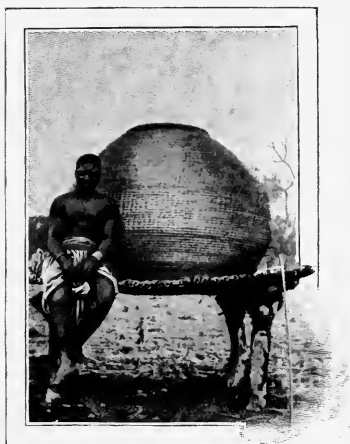
our camp on the right bank of the Sungwé. I indicated the place for the tent under the shade of a large tree, and there also fixed positions for a shelter for the men, a drying-place for skins, and the kitchens, surrounding the whole with a thick hedge of thorns about 13 feet high. Access is obtained by an opening which can be closed at will by placing an acacia in the aperture. It is a necessary precaution in a country frequented by man-eaters, especially when one has to spend some time in the same place.

This work being finished, I paid the coolies and dismissed them together with the sepoy who had accompanied us, only keeping ten negroes with me. In the afternoon I went out and killed a waterbuck and a gnu. I left half of the latter animal as a bait. During the night we heard lions on all sides. I listened attentively to their roaring to ascertain in which direction they were going to sleep. Indeed, in the tendos in winter lions do not hunt like they do in the forest. In the evening they come out of their retreats, where they have spent the day in the shade. After they have drunk, they pursue in bands the herds of antelopes, dividing the spoil between them. They eat their fill of meat, and at dawn, being gorged, go to drink again. Roaring with triumph, they return to their shelters in the woods before the sun gets hot. For those acquainted with their habits, the following is the best method of killing them. One must visit their favourite watering-place, and having ascertained

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

from their roaring, the direction in which the lions are having their siesta, one must leave, between these two points, a carcase as bait, after having ripped it open to make it more odoriferous. The only difficulty lies in killing the beast where you wish it to be found. This is done by hemming in the herds and driving them towards the spot where it is desired to place a bait. It is likewise necessary to avoid wounding the animals as far as possible, as this might destroy the efficiency of the bait. The carcase must also be at least 100 yards from one of the embanked ditches, sometimes six feet deep, cut out by the water in the rainy season, by means of which one can get within range without being seen by the animals. It is further necessary, and this is easy, as at this time of year the wind nearly always blows from the same direction in the morning, to approach them without being winded.

At early dawn I went to look at my bait, and saw only two hyænas, which I killed. Returning to camp, I swallowed a cup of chocolate, and went out to hunt in the jungle. I encountered a herd of palas, and shot two fine males. It is a splendid antelope about the size of a roe, and is only seen in the plains, its coat, fawn-coloured on the back and white below, being beautiful ; only the male carries horns, which are well developed. Its scientific name is *Æpyceros melampus*. In the evening I killed a kind of hartebeest, the tsessebe, which differs from Lichtenstein's hartebeest in the shape of its horns. I also shot a



LARGE BASKET USED BY THE KAFIRS
AS A GRANARY

THE LION COUNTRY

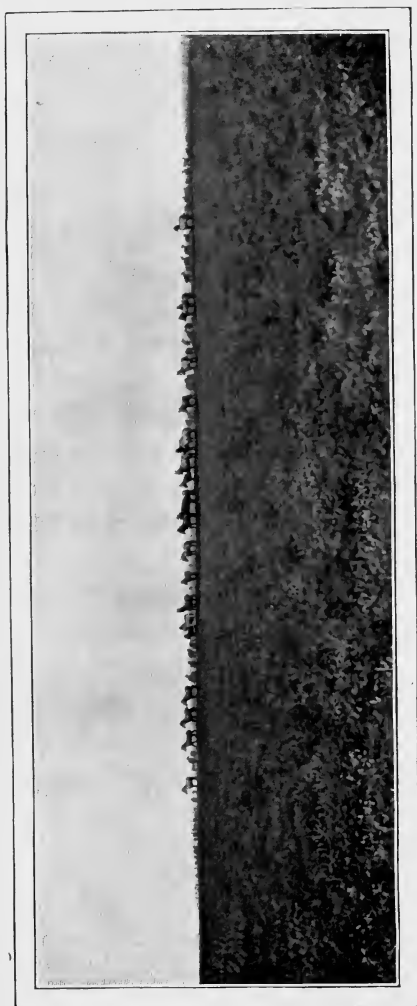
waterbuck and a gnu, the latter of which I left lying where it fell. The next morning, in a light mist, I went to look at my bait, and heard some jackals yelping in that direction. "Listen," said Joaqui, "the jackals are howling, that means the lions are there." I advanced cautiously, and about sixty yards away saw in place of the gnu, two big lionesses. One was lying down, and the other sitting on its haunches, licking its paws. I shot this latter in the middle of the neck, which I consider to be the best place for a distance under 100 yards. If you miss, the lion rapidly makes off, doing away with all idea of following it. If you hit, you break its neck and sever either the carotid artery or the jugular vein, and the animal dies. This time, I took a good aim, and the lion fell without moving; the other one, leaping up at my shot, saw me and fled. I fired at about 120 yards and lodged a bullet in its shoulder. It uttered a roar, but continued its way and entered a thicket near the M'sicatzi. I examined the blood which flowed from the wound, and discovered that one lung had been hit. Rendered cautious by the accidents I had been told of, and by those at which I had been present during my sporting life, I left the creature, reserving it for the next day, and returned satisfied with having shot a lion measuring 8 feet 4 inches.

In the afternoon I shot two gnus, leaving one as a bait, not far from the place where I had killed the

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

first lion. I saw, indeed, on the bank of the M'sicatzí, traces of a large party of lions which habitually drink at this river. Arriving at dawn in a deep defile about 80 yards from my bait, I saw eight lions there. Two big males and a lioness were lying down, these were the farthest away from me. Three lionesses were sitting up in different attitudes, while two cubs were growling and disputing over a bone. Three jackals were to be seen in the distance.

I quickly dispatched one lioness with a bullet in the neck. At the sound of the shot they all sprang up growling, looking to see from whence they are attacked, as I am hidden in order to reload. A second bullet in the same place lays another lioness beside the first. This time three lions saw me, these being the two males and a female, which immediately turned tail and fled; the lioness and the two cubs, being less cautious, came straight towards me. I raised myself and the lioness perceived me; she crouched a moment, then sprang up and charged with tail straight out and ears laid back, growling angrily. The cubs followed. A shot in the chest brought down the incensed mother. The cubs stopped near her, growling and showing their teeth. As I had only two cartridges left, I took the precaution of reloading and in two shots sent the two young ones, which were already fair-sized, to rejoin their mother. After having photographed the scene, I put all hands on to help skin them; it was nearly midday before



A TROOP OF ZEBRAS

THE LION COUNTRY

this was finished. Just as I was starting for camp I saw two vultures descending in the direction taken by the wounded lioness on the previous day. I hastened thither and found the beast dead, the vultures had not had time to destroy it and had only carried off one eye. The measurements of these lionesses were respectively 8 feet 5 inches, 8 feet 1 inch, and 7 feet 10 inches. The one I rediscovered measured 8 feet 6 inches.

This episode will remain one of the most exciting memories of my sporting days.

The charge of the lion is particularly impressive, both on account of its swiftness and of the ferocious aspect of the brute, as well as by the hoarse roars accompanying its spring.

If, however, the charge is not too near, it is infinitely less dangerous to a calm and practised shot than that of a buffalo or an elephant.

In the case of the latter, there is such a huge mass in motion that even a well-placed bullet will not immediately stop it; while in the case of a lion, the impact of a bullet of small calibre with a great initial velocity will kill the animal.

The only essential thing in these encounters is being used to shooting and having confidence in oneself, and possessing nerves which are stimulated by danger, and do not break down afterwards.

I have so often seen the calmness which is shown during the moment of danger give place to a more

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

or less violent nervous reaction, according to the hunter's temperament, when once the danger is over.

I have several times experienced this phenomenon myself, and particularly to-day.

I have also observed it among sportsmen of very stolid temperament and perfect masters of themselves.

On July 19th I fired at a lion from some distance and wounded it ; as it retreated into the bush, I left it, and never heard any more of it.

On the 20th, near the place where I had killed five lions, I found three others by my bait, two males and a female. I approached to within about forty yards of them. The first lion fell dead from a shot in the neck, the lioness was brought down by a bullet which broke its shoulder-blades, and the third, being rash enough to wait and see what happened to its companions, received a ball which broke its back. The two lions measured 10 feet and 9 feet 11 inches, and the lioness 8 feet 3 inches. On the 22nd I shot a very old lioness which was scarred all over with wounds.

Until the 27th, although many lions were heard, and my men saw several bands of them going to drink, I had no chance of getting near any of them. On the previous evening I had received a visit from my host, Mr. Puech, and the Portuguese Commandant of Bamboo Creek. They had heard a report that I had killed a great many lions, and had come to verify the native's story for themselves.

The same day I killed a waterbuck to serve as bait.



A LIONESS

THE LION COUNTRY

On reaching the place where I had left it, I saw nothing. I went out of the ravine where I was to look for the animal, when I heard a roaring on my left, and saw a big lion emerging from a thicket ready to charge. I had just time to fire at the brute's chest, but the rapidity of the shot spoilt its accuracy, and the bullet only broke the lion's shoulder and wounded one lung. The lion rolled over, got up again, roared, and re-entered the thicket before I was able to reload.

I sat down to wait until the thick mist had lifted and sent for reinforcements from camp. Puech came down with all the Commandant's negroes as well as his own. I armed these men, and we commenced a battle with over sixty beaters. If I departed from my habit of never following a wounded lion into high grass, it was because the latter was not so tall as usual. It was hardly over two and a half feet. We advanced cautiously in line, following the bloody trail, which we suddenly lost. Thinking that the wounded animal had turned aside to gain the shelter of a small mimosa wood near the M'sicatzi, I turned to the right. Soon afterwards the native who was walking at the end of the line whistled, and was answered by a roar. This sound is the announcement of an imminent charge, and was so well understood by the beaters that they scattered in hurried flight. We quickly turned round, and saw, forty paces away, the waving tail of the lion. Puech, who was on my right, said: "I see it, will you fire?" "Yes, yes!" There was no time for

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

politeness at such a moment. A shot in the neck brought down the animal. It could not have been well, for it was unable to charge much. At this shot a young lioness got up, but bounded away before we could fire.

On September 4th, returning to visit my traps, I saw in the distance, a tawny animal going to drink at the Sungwé. I also counted four others following it. I took up my glasses ; they were three lionesses and two lions. I went after them, calculating that thirst would prevent their fleeing. I was wrong, for they returned on their tracks, keeping some 200 yards ahead of me, trotting when I gained on them and walking when they thought themselves safe. A huge male, with a splendid black mane, brought up the rear, stopping from time to time to look at me. It must have just been gorging itself with meat, for its body nearly touched the ground. I followed the animals for over seven miles of open country without gaining an inch of ground. The first copses of the tendo were at least 500 yards away—should I let them go ? No, I lay down, and when the old lion, surprised at not seeing me, stopped, I fired at his shoulder. I was, however, so dazed by the strong sunlight that I could not aim properly and the bullet only grazed the top of its lungs. The animal staggered at the impact of the shot, and with a roar bounded towards the wood, which it gained. I fired twice more, but missed.

I followed the beast with extreme precaution.



A MANELESS LION

THE LION COUNTRY

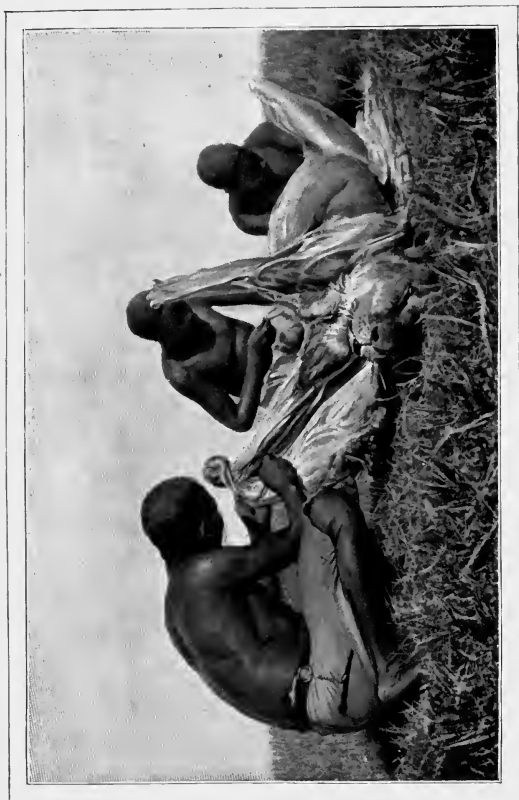
There was no high grass where it entered, but only thorny thickets which were well nigh impenetrable. Several times we could hear the lion moving without being able to see him. I continued my vain pursuit until five o'clock in the evening, the setting sun alone forcing me to return to camp. This pursuit was one of the rashest acts of my sporting life.

I had a marvellous escape in not being charged through the jungle by the animal. I fully realised the danger of pursuing it, but the sight of its splendid mane had inspired me with such a desire to possess it that I neglected the most elementary rules of prudence. In the morning twilight I returned to the spot where I had left the track ; a mile or more away I saw some vultures, and running on with feelings of misgiving found my beast dead, but alas ! in what a condition. The cursed hyænas had mangled half the hind-quarters which the vultures were finishing. I was fearfully angry, and in revenge killed half-a-dozen of the carrion, who would not leave my lion alone. I managed, however, to save the head and neck, which I had mounted on a shield, as a souvenir of the adventure. This lion had come out of the thicket so soon as it saw me and suffered a cruel death for exposing itself to my fire.

The place where we are camping is infested with tsetse, and my dog has been dreadfully bitten. In a few days the poor beast was attacked by the terrible disease communicated by the fly, and on the night of

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

September 8th died. As I followed all the stages of its malady very closely, in order to give an account of it to the Pasteur Institute, I began, as soon as I saw it was dead, to make, with my wife's help, a *post mortem* examination before it had got cold. It was two o'clock in the morning, and we had just about finished when we heard a growl close by, followed by several others. It was lions. My men, who were seized with panic, got up and wanted to use their rifles. I had the greatest difficulty in calming them. There proved to be, about 200 yards away, two lions who were quarrelling over the remains of an animal they had killed. In order to avoid any foolhardiness on the part of my men, I spent the rest of the night in an armchair, listening with delight to the disputes of the animals, which growled over each morsel they chose. I awaited daybreak with some impatience. So soon as it arrived I took with me two of my bravest negroes and went in the direction where I thought to find our night's guests. I had covered over 150 yards, when a splendid lion with a tawny mane got up from the grass. It regarded me with astonishment for a minute, seeming to say: "What are you doing here?" Then it turned its huge muzzle aside and made off with a springy step, presenting its side to me. It was not forty yards away, but as it was rather hazy, I preferred to fire at its shoulder. At the shot, the lion writhed like a worm from head to tail, seemed about to charge, then turned and disappeared in a



NEGROES SKINNING A LIONESS

THE LION COUNTRY

bank of fog which covered it. At the same moment a lioness appeared on my right, growling, but the mist was so thick that I was unable to fire. I therefore returned to camp to await sunrise. So soon as it was clear enough, I followed the track of the wounded animal, but ascertained that the lungs were not touched, and that the bullet must have passed above the shoulder, between the spinal column and the shoulder-blade ; after a long and futile pursuit I was obliged to leave the animal.

On September 12th I killed a lion which had, between its skin and flesh, a 500 express-bullet equidistant between the shoulder and spine. The shot had evidently been fired some time ago, as no traces of a wound were visible.

The 14th and 15th were both lucky days, each bringing me a lioness.

Although I hear plenty of lions every night, they seem to be getting scarce near us, and I therefore think it better to change our quarters for a time, returning to them later. The game has also become wilder, and consequently has to be shot from much greater distances. Besides a good number of gnus, waterbucks, and zebras, of which last *Equus selousi* is more common than Wahlberg's zebra, I have killed some wart-hogs, several palas, tsessebes, oribis, and reedbuck, a bushbuck, a sable antelope, two civets, numerous aquatic birds which frequent the banks of the Sungwé, and two young bustards.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

One would think that the Kafirs of the neighbouring villages would be delighted to see me for having rid them of such troublesome formidable neighbours as the lions of the tendos. Nothing of the kind, they were, on the contrary, much distressed, and, instead of helping me, did all they could to hinder my finding them. It is, therefore, entirely due to my own efforts that I have fired at twenty-five lions and accounted for twenty-three of them. I have at last, however, solved the mystery. A native, more loquacious than the rest, said to me one day when I was showing him the skins of my lions, which were drying near my camp: "Yes, you have killed a great many lions, but there are still plenty more, and as you will not always be here, when you have gone away they will return in multitudes, and, looking for their brothers and being unable to find them, they will see their skeletons on the plain, which will cry out to them: 'These are the men who have killed us,' and in revenge they will come and eat us in our villages."

Strange as was this reply, it did not much surprise me, for I know with what fearful awe the Kafirs regard the lion. "It is not an animal," they say, "but a very strong man"; and it is only when a lion has absolutely become a man-eater that they decide to hunt it. As a rule, when a Kafir meets a lion he salutes it by clapping his hands, then, scraping his feet on the ground, as though he were addressing a great personage, he says to it: "Master, I wish to



A TSESSEBE



THE LION COUNTRY

pass ! ” If the lion is in a good temper, it is all right, and the Kafir continues his way. But if the king of the forest is in a bad humour, the Kafir turns round and takes another way, unless he climbs a tree, at the risk of spending the night there.

In short, this sojourn by the Sungwé will remain one of the most vivid of my memories. The thousands of animals, scattered over the arid plains, the flocks of wading, web-footed, and many other kinds of birds which fly over at sunrise to feed ; the peaceful, solemn, yet imposing landscape, bounded on the blue horizon by the mountains of Gorongoza and Chiringoma ; all these things will remain graven on my memory. There are also other scenes which I shall always recall with joy : the camp-fires, surrounded by roasting meat with the Kafirs squatting close by, joyful after a hearty meal, laughing and chatting, and relating with excited gesture and raised voices the hunting experiences of the day. The reflection of the flames, lighting up their black faces with a red glow, giving a peculiar touch to the scene. There is even poetry in the silence following this gossip. The moonlight turns the yellow grass and white sand on which it grows to silver ; yonder is heard the melancholy howl of the hyæna, while a couple of jackals yelp in another direction. Just before dawn the lions begin to roar loudly, the jackal growls with satisfaction over the offal left him by the king of the forests, the birds twitter, the doves begin to coo, the little quails call

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

softly to each other in the dewy grass, and the day breaks in golden glory, lighting up the plain bathed in opalescent mist.

All these poetical sensations touch the soul of the hunter and traveller, however little he may understand African manifestations of nature, and make him still more susceptible to the severe and imposing beauty of the daily struggle with the lords of the forest. But the reader must pardon this digression. I could not resist the desire of showing, doubtless very imperfectly, the fascination of Africa, which is often abused by those travelling there, because the life is hard and rough, but is regretted by them when they leave.

However, notwithstanding the extraordinary abundance of game, I should not have spent more than a week by the Sungwé if I had not had the satisfaction of hearing and seeing so many lions. This is because the hunting there is not that which I, in common with other sportsmen, really love; it is not, in fact, forest-hunting. To come across, during the morning, the track of an animal that has passed an hour or so previously, to follow this trail, often difficult to trace, on soil dried by a tropical sun, to walk behind the animal for four or five hours, to approach, and at length come up with it, while avoiding being winded or seen, and so place one's bullet well, this is the only kind of hunting that is really worth anything to the South African sportsman. In the tendos, on the



NATIVE BARRIERS ALONG A WATER-COURSE



THE LION COUNTRY

contrary, the game is plainly visible from a distance of several miles, and can nearly always be approached to within from 150 to 250 yards before taking flight. One has plenty of time to place oneself, to calculate the distance, and to pick out one's animal, and since, at such a range, and with a good rifle, there is no real sport in hitting the vital parts of an antelope the size of a cow, I cannot class these stalks among the best kinds of big game shooting.

The only thing that really interested me was trying to entice an animal to the spot where I wanted to set a bait for lions. As I have already stated, I used to choose, from among the herds feeding on the plain, one which could be approached from the windward. Placing five or six negroes in line, I made them walk as in a battue. I always kept on one of the flanks. So soon as we were within 200 yards of the animals, they took to flight, then stopped, and we continued to drive them before us. When I thought we had reached the place where I wanted to lay my bait, I executed a turning movement. This menace invariably produced a great panic. The whole herd, led by an old male, set out in line, galloping hastily towards our moving wing, and as soon as the animals thought themselves out of the danger with which they were threatened by the enclosing movement they stopped stupidly at about 150 yards distance, sometimes nearer, offering me a splendid target almost impossible to miss.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

It is true that this manœuvre, which was always successful for the first fortnight, became much more difficult of execution when the game was aware of my intentions. At the end of my stay I was more than once obliged to have the animal that I had been unable to lead to the place where I wanted to kill it, carried there from a considerable distance by my men.

On September 21st, I left my camp and, after having crossed the M'eodza, made a halt at the village of Casenga. At nine o'clock the next day I crossed the Vunduzi and installed myself on the left bank of that river, near the village of Sabongo. I remained there a fortnight, during which I shot two elands, several sable antelopes, waterbucks, hartebeests, bushbucks, and oribis, three hyænas, and a wild boar, as well as a small kind of monkey which is only found in the plains, and is known to the natives as the *golo*.

I also got some guinea-fowl and a variety of goat-sucker, remarkable for the two long feathers on each wing. Unfortunately, I sought in vain for hippopotamuses, they were not to be found.

The whole of this district is very fertile, and superb for cultivation, the forests are magnificent, and game is abundant. On the other hand, lions are somewhat scarce. I have only found the tracks of a single trio, a male and two females, which I never saw in the flesh. On October 6th, I moved, by a route parallel to the course of the Vunduzi, to the village of Chingolé,



THREE LIONS: TWO MALES AND A FEMALE

THE LION COUNTRY

near which hippopotamuses are said to be numerous. The same day my wife experienced a rather unpleasant adventure. As usual she was ahead, while I brought up the rear behind the stragglers. Suddenly her bearers stopped, laid the litter hastily on the ground, and cried out : " A lion." My wife arose and not seeing anything, got on to a small white-ants' nest. She then perceived the animal, a lioness, which got up about twenty yards away and walked off majestically. When the coolies first saw the creature, it was sharpening its claws on the trunk of a tree. Taken by surprise, it had crouched in the grass to hide, then, seeing that it was discovered and would not be left in peace, had made off. I deeply regretted the missed opportunity of acquiring my seventeenth lion. This unpleasant adventure caused my wife always to keep a loaded rifle in her litter ; she had previously carried no other weapon but her riding-whip.

The day after my arrival I tried after hippopotamuses, whose cries I could hear all night. They live in a swamp full of crocodiles. We tried to reach the place with the help of a guide, who did not seem very sure of the way, as after the first few steps, he sank up to the neck in a quagmire. Fortunately, I always have ropes with me, which we passed under the man's arms, pulling him out after a good deal of trouble. Several other attempts proved equally fruitless. I then turned my attention to easier game, of which, however, there was very little. I crossed the Vunduzi,

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

visiting the tendo of Mutiacoma, then I crossed the Uruma, and explored the tendo of the Gungwé. The grass is gigantic everywhere, and as the Company have forbidden its being burnt, it entirely prevents hunting in places where it is very tall. Besides this, the water is hardly drinkable, and mosquitoes abound in our camp. At three o'clock in the afternoon they make their appearance, and during dinner we can only escape them by the use of nets ; in the morning they hover about until ten o'clock.

Accordingly on October 10th I left this inhospitable place, where I only shot one waterbuck and two palas. In the evening we camped at the village of Tambarna, stopped by a heavy rain. The following day we came in sight of the immense plains of the Sungwé again, the innumerable herds having returned there since our departure. We pitched our camp on the banks of the M'sicatzi in the middle of a small mimosa wood. On the following day flights of locusts made their appearance ; immense clouds of them passed for several hours, obscuring the sky. They were going to lay their eggs in the tendos. The young are hatched in the months of December, and are able to fly at the end of February. The harm done by these insects is tremendous ; I have seen plantations where, a few hours after their arrival, there is not a leaf remaining. In the evening they assemble in such clusters that I have seen large trees break down under their weight. Fortunately, they have many



THE BIG BAG OF LIONS



THE LION COUNTRY

enemies, iguanas and snakes not disdaining them. A good number of birds-of-prey, marabouts, the *Ardea bubulcus*, and other varieties of egrets wage desperate war on them. Fish feed on them when the rivers are in flood. I have also been told by the natives, and have proved it myself, that crocodiles eat young locusts. In the night they come out of the water and pick up the locusts lying in heaps on the grass. All those I killed at this time had pellets of locusts in their stomachs weighing from six to nine pounds. I must also mention the Kafirs as being among the deadliest foes of these insects, for they are very fond of eating them as *hors d'œuvres*.

We remained eleven days in camp by the M'sicatzi. I shot a lioness there on October 12th, and on the 16th wounded a big lion with a black mane, which fell a prey to vultures. I was only able to save the skull and claws. On the same day I brought down a superb maneless female, measuring 10 feet 1 inch, of which I sent the skin to the Museum. In this connection I must mention that I have killed in the same place, lions both with tawny and with black manes, and one maneless one. Agreeing with the statements of many sportsmen who are authorities on this subject, I believe there is only one species of lion, of which the thickness and colour of the mane varies according to its surroundings and the altitude at which it is found.

By the time we left the game had emigrated from

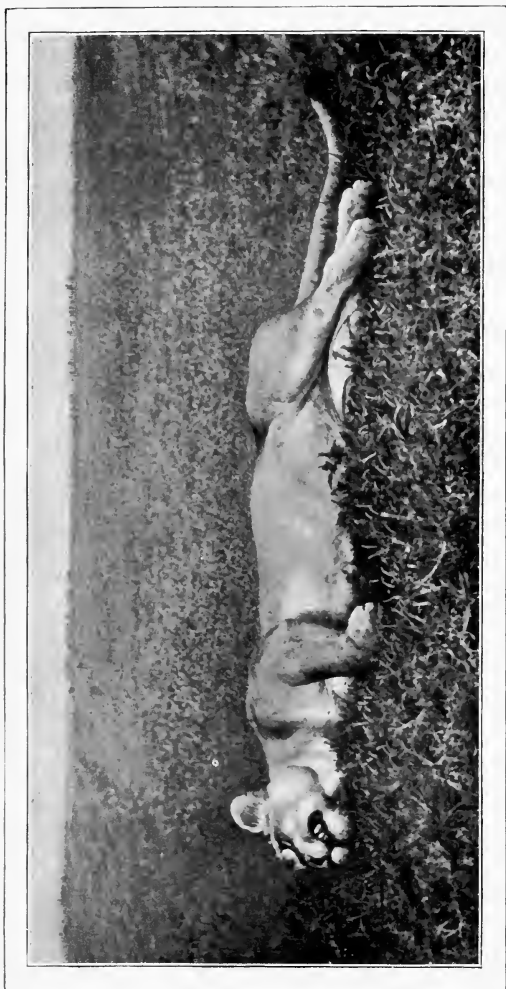
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the tendos. The first October rains had made the young grass grow, and of this food the herds are very fond. The antelopes and lions are in the forest. However, on the day we broke camp, two lions were to be heard roaring in the distance, to bid us farewell, I should think.

Some miles farther on, during a halt, some vultures indicated to me a spot where three lions had eaten a gnu on the previous night, and I much regretted having to leave them alone.

The following day having crossed the streams, Inyamissinguele, Boto, and Inhatemba, we reached the river M'eodza, in the splendid forest of which I have already spoken.

It was chiefly in order to collect insects and plants that we came to this place. I managed, however, to shoot a fair amount of small game, such as bushbuck, red and blue duikers, guinea-fowl, and vultures. Before this I had scarcely caught anything but hyænas with the trap I carried with me. I was now, however, more fortunate in capturing a fine female leopard measuring 6 feet 7 inches, which afforded me the following amusement. The trap was laid on a path and the brushwood was so thick that the animal was unable to penetrate it with the trap. It therefore remained in the pathway, and on seeing us tried to climb a neighbouring tree. After having ascended some way, the trap caught in the lower branches, thus arresting its further progress. It therefore came down



MY BIGGEST LIONESS

THE LION COUNTRY

and commenced the ascent anew. If it had not been raining, I should have taken a very curious photograph. As I advanced, the leopard gave up its gymnastics and crouched on the ground as though about to spring : I stopped it with a bullet.

On November 5th we left our camp and reached the new commando where Mr. Bivar has just settled. He has named it Villa Paiva d'Andrada, in honour of the famous Portuguese traveller. There, as is always the case, we received great hospitality. The next day we halted at Gilly, where we spent the night.

In this village, where I experienced such bitter disappointment last year, I was told that the first green shoots had attracted plenty of game back to the neighbourhood. There are, it seems, buffalo, gnus, a great many elands, and even lions. I therefore decided to remain there for a few days, leaving my wife to go on with most of the baggage, and only keeping absolute necessities with me. In the morning I found the fresh tracks of buffalo, and followed them for some time, but soon discovered that I was not alone in hunting them, for I came upon the foot-prints of some natives who, like myself, were following up the animals, but ahead of me: farther on the ground clearly indicated the flight of the herd, which had winded the hunters. As it was useless to continue following them, I turned aside to visit the villages of which Gilly is the chief, and on the way shot three hartebeests in a party ; then, as I wanted to get a

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

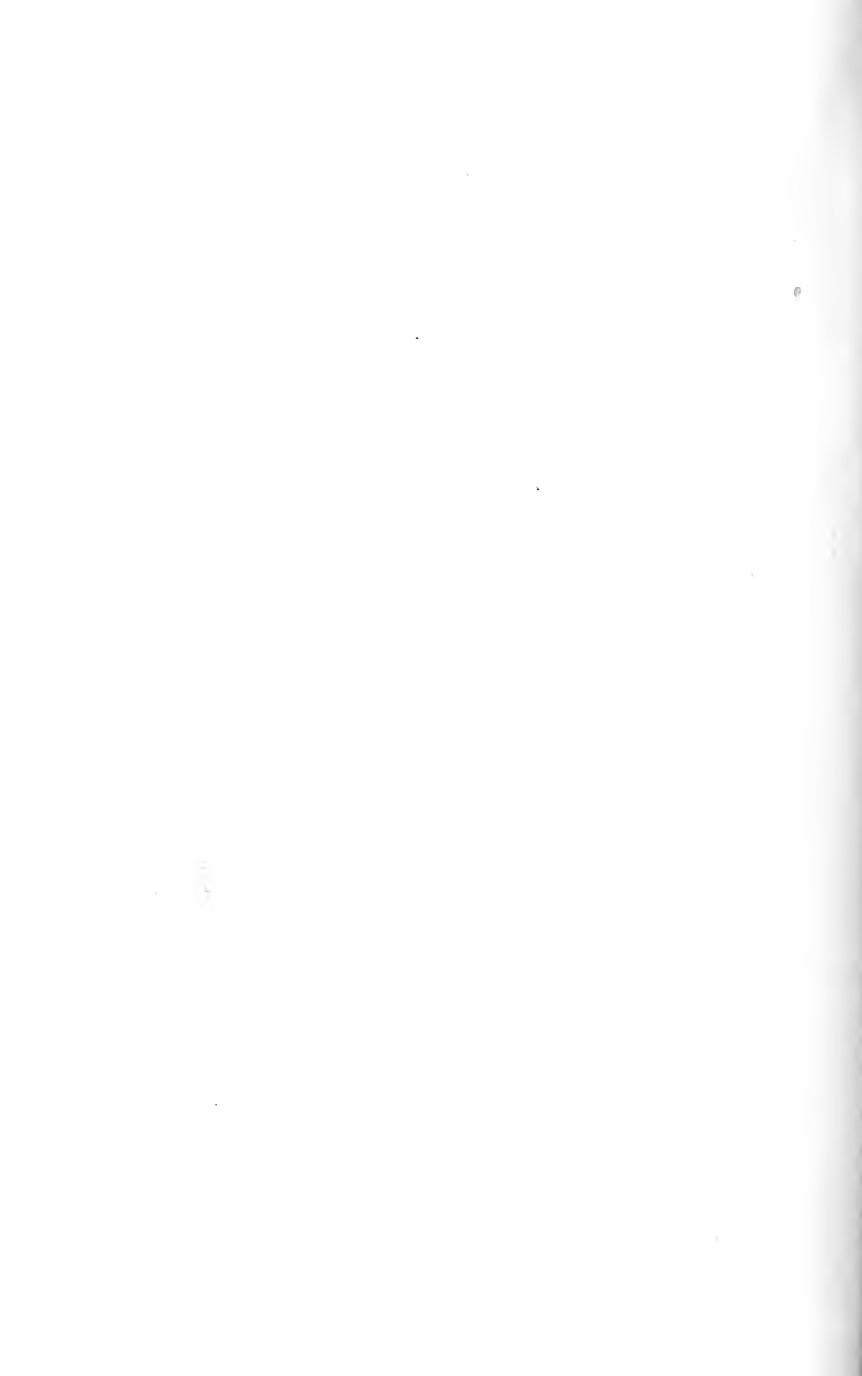
zebra, I went farther on. Near a little pool I saw a troop of these creatures, I fired at one of them which immediately set off at a gallop, and passed behind a white-ants' nest. The whole herd followed it, reappearing, and then stopped. In the rear was an animal that seemed fatigued and ill ; I discovered it to be the one I had wounded, and broke its back with a bullet. Great was my astonishment to find my first zebra lying dead behind the ant-hill. There was I with more game than I knew what to do with. I breakfasted at the foot of a tree, while my men cut up some of the meat into quarters and hung it in the trees to keep it out of the way of lions, intending to fetch it the next day. The following day I went out to look for buffalo and was not long in finding a herd of thirty head. I fired at an old bull that was looking at me from a distance of about forty yards. It reared, and set off at a gallop, bellowing loudly. When an animal does this it means that it is mortally wounded. Accordingly I found my beast dead some 200 yards away. The rest of the herd had disappeared before I could fire again. I started to return to the village and had only gone about seven miles when two elands, a very fine bull and a cow, suddenly came out of the thicket at a gallop. I wounded the bull, which fled with difficulty, its lungs being perforated, and killed it after an hour's pursuit. As I was alone, I covered the carcase with grass. Having returned to Gilly, the men who had gone to look for the zebra told me their



AN ILL-TEMPERED SOLITARY



A BLACK-MANED LION



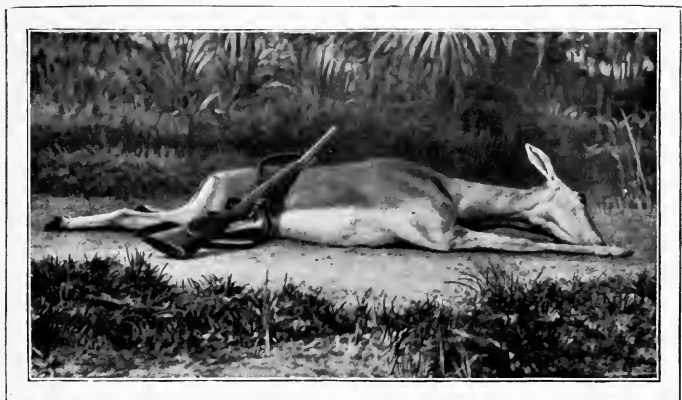
THE LION COUNTRY

experiences. They had come upon a party of eight lions, among which were three large males ; these had devoured the remains of the two zebras, then one of them, finding the meal insufficient, had taken a case of preserved meat I had left lying on the ground and finished the contents. The proof of the crime was brought to me ; the lion which had bitten into it must have had splendid teeth. Perhaps I may find it tomorrow by the eland ! . . . I reached the carcass at dawn, which, however, did not appear to have been touched. I uncocked my rifle and laid it across my shoulder. At the same instant a leopard appeared, the only one I had ever seen wild in broad daylight. Unfortunately, it vanished before I could fire. As for the lions I saw no trace of them. I had not time to search for them any more, as I had a lot to do at Guengeré. I therefore hastened to regain my headquarters, terminating without accident a splendid journey of three months, the results of which exceeded my greatest hopes.

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MALE PALA



FEMALE PALA



CHAPTER VI

BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

DEPARTURE for Chindé—A Cyclone—Description of Chindé—The Zambezi—From Marromeu to Mopea—Chupanga—Man-eating Lions—From Chimbwe to Sena—The Kudu—The Nyala—A Dreary Feast—The Mountains of Chiringoma—Return to Beira—Departure for a last Expedition—Kafir Canoes—Water-fowl Shooting and Wonderful Fishing—A Rise of the Pungwé—A Storm—Sojourn at M'sassa Barao—The Egret—Hippopotamuses—The Urema and its Canal from the Zambezi to the Pungwé—Arrival at Chitengo—My Last Lions—Return to France

ON November 22nd, 1906, my wife went down to Beira, which we had not seen for two years and a half. I spent several days there making the necessary purchases for my next expedition to the Zambezi and despatching important collections to the Museum. As my departure was fixed for December 6th, at five o'clock in the morning, I embarked on the evening of December 5th, leaving my wife with friends, as she was too fatigued by our last hard campaign to accompany me on an expedition so trying as the one I was about to undertake. The *Nyasaland*, in which I embarked, is a small steamer of 300 tons, which, together with two German boats, forms the service of this coast. I was the only passenger on board this vessel, which was laden with dynamite and material for the Shiré railway at present in construction.

I dined with the captain and slept in a separate

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

cabin, congratulating myself on the fine crossing I should have. Alas! one must never be too sure of anything, especially on the sea. I was awakened by the violent motion of the vessel, for our poor little walnut-shell was rolling and pitching madly. People were running about the deck giving contradictory orders. I rubbed my eyes, thinking it must be day. Looking through the small port-hole I saw the whole bay lit up with incessant flashes of lightning. We were passing through the edge of a cyclone. At Beira the water was streaming off the roofs. I went on deck to admire this extraordinary sight. I then saw the semaphore signalling: "Order from the harbour-master: the *Nyasaland* must put out from the bay immediately." It was on account of our cargo of dynamite that we were thus expelled. The captain stormed, like all Englishmen, and waited stolidly, in spite of reiterated orders, until he could get up steam. We at length left our moorings, leaving our awning behind us, for it was whirled away like a leaf at the first squall and deposited like a wounded gull on the crest of a wave some hundred yards away. I did not mind the pitching so long as we rode at anchor, but as soon as we were under way I had to lie in my berth and was unable to leave it until we reached Chindé. Unfortunately this passage, which generally takes six hours, lasted three days. After sixty hours we arrived opposite the mouth of the river, but as the tide had begun to ebb and the bar of the Zambezi can



A BAOBAB TREE



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

only be crossed at high-water, we had to stay on board for over ten hours. At last we landed, as may be imagined, with great relief. I went to the English hotel and spent four days at Chindé, where I was very kindly received by the Portuguese commandant, the English consul, and a number of merchants, among whom I found a fellow-countryman, Mr. Joseph Comtat, who knew a great deal about the country, as he had lived there for thirty-five years.

Chindé is a town which came into being through the necessity of having a port at the mouth of the Zambezi. Built on the shore, without any shade, it is not a very attractive place, especially when the sea breeze blows clouds of sand into one's eyes. But if Chindé is not well situated it is, nevertheless, commercially important, and I found it more lively than Beira. The Zambezi Company and its flotilla, the Navigation Associations, Charrer & Co., the African Lakes Company, and the management of the Companies of Borhor, Marromeu, Mopea, and Caia bring to it an activity which also increases the traffic of the upper Zambezi and the lake-district. It would be still greater if there were not two towns in Chindé, the Portuguese and English, each having their quarter with their own post-office, custom-house, and police. In the English quarter the taxes are very small, but they are quite the opposite in the Portuguese, and this liberality of the English naturally harms the Portuguese merchants.

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

The climate of Chindé is good, and according to the doctor of the hospital there is very little malaria and few diseases. However, I found the native quarter very dirty, and was not surprised to hear that some years ago it suffered from a severe epidemic of bubonic plague very difficult to stamp out.

On December 1st I was told that a boat left at three o'clock for the Shiré. I therefore hastened to catch it. The Zambezi boats are built on a special model, they are flat-bottomed paddle-boats and are thus able to ascend the river, which is very shallow in winter. On deck, well protected by a double awning, are the dining-saloon, the cabin of the captain (the only white man on board), and the tiller; the helmsman being an intelligent negro, who piloted us with surprising skill up the middle of the difficult channel. Near him stands a man specially told off to drive away the annoying swarms of gadflies. Two flat-bottomed barges are suspended on either side of the boat, which are each capable of carrying 300 tons. There is a gang of thirty natives on board in readiness for the work that would be necessary in the event of stranding. Captain Hart, an Englishman, is very agreeable, and, as he is a keen sportsman, he and I have plenty of material for endless discussions.

On leaving Chindé we went up a tributary of the Zambezi to find enough wood to last us as far as Chimbwe. Having done this, we anchored for the night in mid-stream so as to avoid the mosquitoes.



TROPHY OF SKULLS

BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

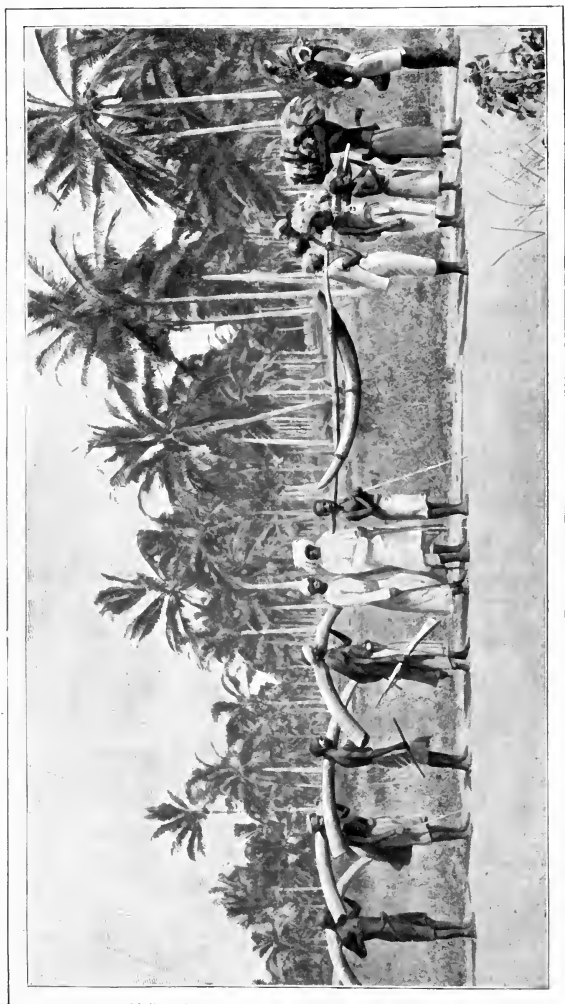
In the morning we continued our way and regained the Chindé canal, and after steaming along it for twenty-six miles, reached the Zambezi. In the canal, which is very swampy and bordered with mangroves, we saw a score of hippopotamuses. Five hours from Chindé we passed Zumbo, where the repairing works of the Portuguese gun-boats are situated, and where there are important plantations of cocoa-trees.

In the neighbourhood we saw numerous villages, round which grew papaw-trees, mangoes, lemons, and kapocks. In the afternoon we entered the Zambezi, which was there over 500 yards wide. A number of hippopotamuses and water-fowl were to be seen. In the evening we reached the village of Sandzé, where we spent the night. The captain and I got up at four o'clock and went out to shoot on the right bank, but the grass was already very high and, although I saw a waterbuck and several reedbucks, I only succeeded in shooting one of the latter.

At half-past eight we left our moorings, and at one o'clock I landed at Marromeu, the end of my voyage. I was there kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel; the former being the Director of the Company which owns a large estate of sugar-canes. In his company I visited the fields and factories. In the evening our kind hostess invited Mr. de Souza, the director of the Luabo Company, and another Portuguese, Mr. Jaime, of Gama Cruz, to dinner in order to meet us. The latter gentleman, whom I wish to introduce to the

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

reader, is one of the greatest sportsmen in the country, having shot a large number of elephants, hippopotamuses, and all kinds of game. He is both clever and modest, and I was glad of this opportunity of offering him my sympathetic admiration and gratitude for his kind reception of me. I spent a delightful evening, entertained by his stories, which are well worth hearing, thanks to his twenty years' sojourn in the Zambezi country. The next morning I concluded my visit to the concession by inspecting the cattle. There are no tsetse near the Zambezi, and advantage of this circumstance is taken by raising a breed of cattle, which, however, are unfortunately very small. This very feeble and unproductive breed ought really to be changed. In the cattle-shed I noticed a buffalo about two years old, which was captured when young by Mr. Jaime, and is perfectly tame. After having breakfasted with Mr. de Souza, I went out with Mr. Jaime in his boat, as he wanted to take me up the Zambezi again. This craft is known as an *escalère*, and is propelled with six paddles; it has no deck. In the stern is a small movable cabin where we took our seats. We were in the middle of the Zambezi, when a dreadful storm broke. The river, over two and a half miles wide, became white with foam; and we shipped so much water that we had to get one of the crew to bail it out. The cabin, being open to the wind, threatened to capsize us, so we had to take it down. We eventually landed, and spent the night in a half-caste's



ELEPHANT TUSKS *en route* TO ZANZIBAR



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

hut. The next day I took leave of my host and walked to the sugar-plantation of Mopea, which I visited, after having inspected and admired Mr. Jaime's property at Maruro and the splendid mango-forest of Mazaro, the last vestiges of the settlements of the Portuguese Jesuits before their expulsion by the Marquis de Pombal. Under the kind guidance of the director of Mopea, Mr. Vroon, a Dutchman, I visited the works, and in the evening I dined with him. The following day, accompanied by the doctor and the estate-agent, I went to Inhamarrolle ; there we found the *escalère* belonging to the Jesuit Fathers of Chupanga, which took us to the opposite bank where their mission-house stands.

Being cordially received by the superior, a Frenchman, Father Loubières, I stayed thirty-six hours at Chupanga. In the cemetery of this mission are interred the wife of the great explorer, Livingstone, and a young German who met his death through his rashness in hunting. He had wounded a buffalo, and, thinking it dead, had opened his camera to take a photograph. While he was thus engaged the buffalo got up, fell on the unfortunate man and gored him to death ; the Jesuits, hearing of the accident from the negroes, who had fled from the spot, went there and found the body, which they buried. The mission-house is well built and well situated, and has a pretty garden and fine herds. It adjoins the splendid forest of Chupanga which joins the Chiringoma forest. It is the

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

home of numerous animals, among which are many elephants. In the evening I heard lions roaring on the opposite bank ; they are apparently plentiful in this neighbourhood and very fierce, whole villages having been obliged to emigrate on account of their audacity. Moreover, since leaving Chindé, I have continually been told of "man-eaters," and I much regret not having time to renew my acquaintance with them.

To console me for this disappointment, Father Loubières told me one of his experiences, which I will here relate. One day, called by his ministerial duties, Father Loubières had crossed to the right bank of the Zambezi, and was to sleep that night in a hut in a village where he was to celebrate a wedding the following day. He was, as usual, accompanied by his native servant.

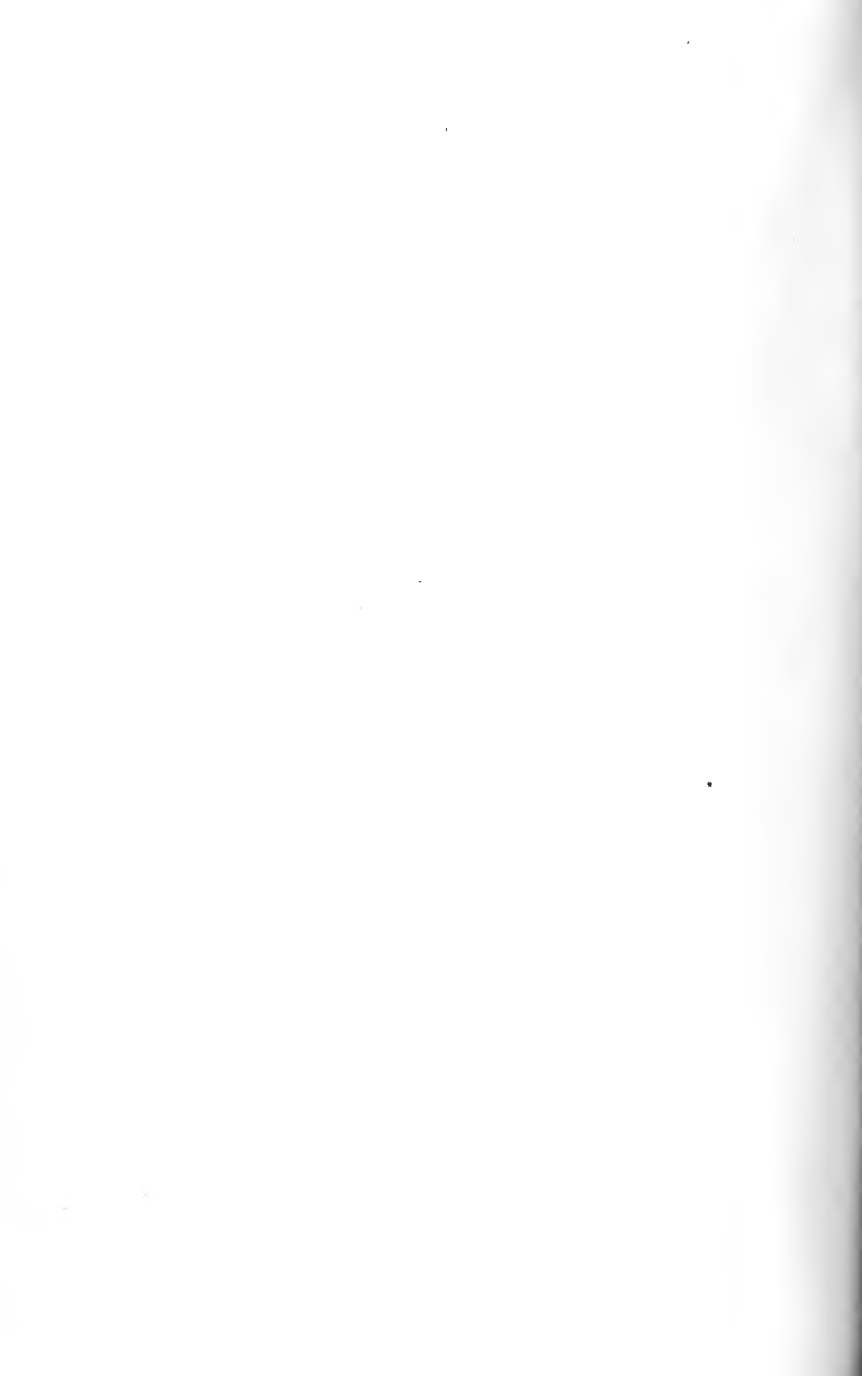
He had fallen asleep, having ascertained that his native servant was already slumbering. In the night he was suddenly awakened by a cry : " Help, help ! " called the negro. He got up quickly and rushed out, but the Kafir had already disappeared, he therefore started to run, arousing the village with his cries ; the inhabitants armed themselves with torches and followed the bloody trail until they found the unhappy servant covered with wounds, the lion only having left him at sight of the torches. They brought him back and, laying him in another hut, attended to his wounds, having, this time, well barricaded the door.



HIPPOPOTAMUS ON THE RIVER INHAMBOUE



HEAD OF KUDU



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

This proved a necessary precaution, for the dressing was hardly finished before the lion reappeared in front of the hut, to which he laid siege all night, although in vain. The next day the negro died of his wounds, and his interment preceded the marriage, thus making a double ceremony.

On December 19th I set out at eight o'clock, and in an hour's time reached Lacerdonia, an old ruined fortress built to awe the natives. I was received by the commandant, and in his house saw a pair of tusks belonging to an elephant killed in the forest of Chupanga by hunters in the pay of the Mozambique Company. They must weigh between eighty and ninety pounds.

Although Lacerdonia has not much trade at present, it will probably increase in importance if the railway that has been talked of for the last fifteen years is ever made, in which case this place ought to be the terminus. After having crossed the Zangwé in a canoe and left the concession of Signora Maria (a half-caste woman known to all travellers) on my right, I reached Chindé and visited the Portuguese commandant, who wanted to put me up. On the way I passed numerous well-cultivated villages, which denoted real industry on the part of the negroes. It is a fact that there were white people in this country five centuries ago. I stayed a day in Chimbwe, in order to visit the plantation of a new sugar-company, and at four o'clock the next morning set out for Sena, the chief

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

town of the district, where I took up my quarters in a dreadful inn which only possessed one bedroom, that I had to share with two other travellers. Under the kind direction of the doctor and the treasurer of the Mozambique Company, I visited the church and the ancient fortress built by Vasco Hornem in the sixteenth century, besides inspecting the old factories, with their thick embattled walls for resisting the attacks of rebels, and ascending the hills which command the town, on which are to be seen old cannon and remains of fortifications.

Sena is a town of officials, very dull and without any trade, as the Zambezi, which is always altering its course, is now several miles away. On the 23rd I left Sena and stopped awhile at Inharucca, afterwards reaching the village of Chacolo, where the natives entertained me with a series of curious dances. The water there is horrible, being quite yellow. Leaving this place at half-past five, I crossed a plain covered with mimosas ; and on my way saw an animal which I recognised as a kudu. After a patient stalk I got within 100 yards of the antelope, killing it with the first shot. The kudu (*Strepsiceros kudu*), n'goma in Kafir, is one of the most beautiful antelopes. The horns of the male are gracefully twisted and attain considerable dimensions, while the skin is striped like that of the eland. I also encountered some zebras and hartebeests which I did not shoot, as I had enough meat to feed my men.



KAFIR WITH PARAQUET



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

On Christmas day I had a melancholy dinner at Chibauté, as I could only find two eggs. Having a piece of hartebeest-meat, I did not starve, but the water of the Zangwé, which I was thankful to taste, is abominably dirty, and it is a cruel privation for me to be unable to quench my thirst. During the night lions, hyænas, and leopards vied with each other in wishing me a happy Christmas, that is if I understood their language.

Leaving Chibauté to go to Mazamba, I came upon the tracks of a very rare antelope, and, although I did not see the animal itself, I will describe it for the benefit of those who may visit this neighbourhood in the future. The antelope in question is the nyala (*Tragelaphus angasi*). This animal, which the Kafirs call the *bowinde*, is smaller than a sable antelope,¹ its horns being rather like those of a bushbuck, but larger. It is a very shy and cunning beast, and dwells in the thickest forest.

I spent a day at this place, where, kindly guided by the commandant, I visited the chain of mountains. This is indisputably of volcanic origin, pumice and lava being found there. One of the summits, Mount Inhamesinga, is an extinct crater. Formerly the bed of a lake, like some of the old craters in Auvergne, the mountain is split in consequence of seismic convulsion, and the water flowed down to the interior, leaving a number of fresh-water shells attached to the sides of

¹ The author states that the nyala is as large as a sable antelope. [Ed.]

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

the basin. A peculiarity of the Chiringoma mountains is that they have a level plain on their summits which shelves gently down to the sea. This is a great facility for the establishment of the proposed railway from Beira to Lacerdonia, as there would be so much less work required in laying the line.

Three days' journey took me from Mazamba to Beira. I did not stay there long, as I intended to make use of the rest of the rainy season by visiting the lower Pungwé and the Uruma. But as I know by experience the difficulties of getting about at flood-time, I changed my mode of travelling. My friend Puech possesses a large decked boat of ten tons, which will carry everything necessary for a three months' trip. The boat is large enough to take our tent, which will be covered with a double roof, on deck. My wife and myself will thus have a shelter for eating and sleeping. The stern is also protected by an awning. Puech will sleep on a camp-bed in the cabin ; for I only borrowed the boat on condition that the owner should accompany me, as I did not wish to be responsible for the damages. It only takes a few minutes to fix up and take down the double roof, for we must not carry any canvas while under way, so that the negroes can punt the boat along. I have engaged ten of them specially for this work. We have two Kafir canoes in tow, which will be very useful in shallow water and flooded prairies. Whenever I see a bird worth bagging, I take two men in one of these



PELICAN, SPOONBILL, STORK, ETC.



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

boats, and endeavour to get within range, so as to be able to shoot it for food for the crew.

These canoes are very curious, being hollowed out of the trunks of trees about a century old, and are easy to handle, although very liable to capsize. They are of various lengths, some I have seen being over thirty-six feet in length. They can go both ways, either stem or stern foremost. The negroes propelling the craft stand up, and are armed with long bamboos, with which they push the skiff along, and are thus easily able to make way against a strong current. There are usually only two or three men working the bamboo, the others sitting quite still in the bottom of the boat to keep the balance and prevent it from capsizing. But where these canoes are most useful is in flooded plains, covered with floating grass. Where another boat would be quite unable to make any headway, they glide along quite easily. It is true, on the other hand, that the lightness of this craft has its drawbacks; for instance, should the negro propelling the boat slip and fall backwards, thus destroying the balance, the crew and passengers suddenly find themselves in the water and in danger of being eaten by crocodiles.

On January 25th we went down stream and in the evening stopped opposite the village of Mwanamambo. At ten o'clock the next day I arrived opposite Chicari, where we were obliged to halt to repair our skiff which had received a knock and was leaking. Puech, who

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

is clever at most things and very industrious, turned himself into a ship's carpenter, and repaired the damage, so that we were soon able to continue our course.

On arriving at Macuire, we found that the work too hurriedly done at Chicari was insufficient, it was therefore necessary to empty the hold, turn the boat upside down and caulk it again, an operation which lasted three days. To pass the time I went out in a canoe and shot a black goose and another species known as the Zanzibar goose, which has a chestnut spot on the breast ; I also shot seventeen wading-birds.

Two days later our voyage on the river brought us to an island of considerable size and great fertility, namely, the Island of Manangora. It is intersected, during the rainy season, by a number of canals joining the two arms by which it is enclosed.

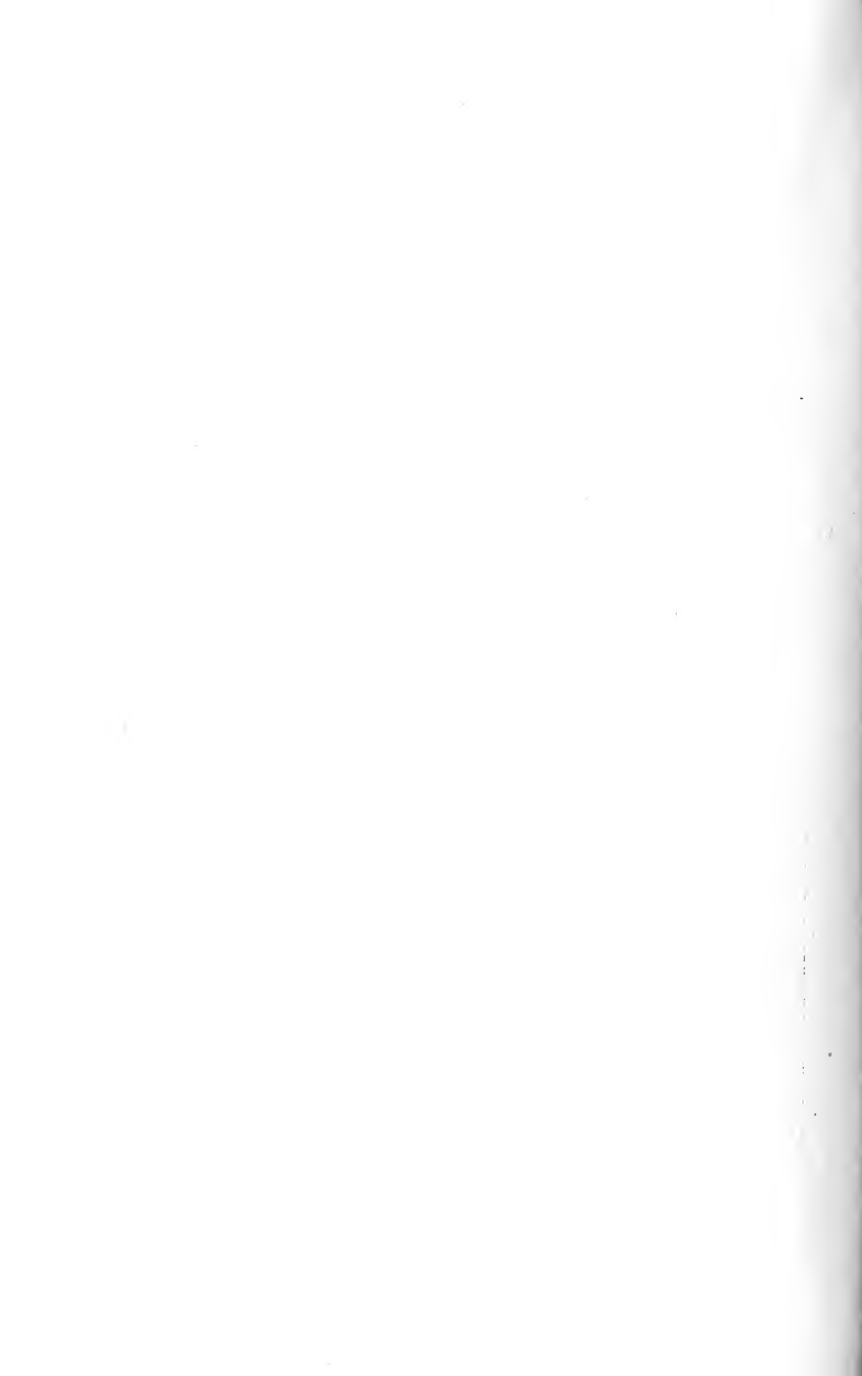
All along this canal, at the mouth of which we are now anchored, stretch green marshes inhabited by water-fowl and waders. At this place I killed two whistling teal, a number of teal like our own summer-teal, some snipe, and a crested crane ; the last a magnificent bird, whose head is ornamented with a tuft of splendid plumes. Very bold, this wader is met with in large flocks on the tendos, where it breaks the silence by its frequently repeated and piercing cry of "garroll," from which it derives its native name. After two days there was much rain, and the river rose. At the same time appeared an enormous quantity of



A JAMI BUFFALO CALF



DOMESTICATED CATTLE OF ZAMBEZIA



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

fishes. Our negroes are clever fishermen, and used large nets without checking our progress.

On the 1st of February we reach the mouths of the Urema and of the Mediguedigue. The flood continues, and during three days the Pungwé rises uninterruptedly.

Its waters extend over a width of several kilometres, with an average depth of about three feet. I now go in the canoe where I had previously hunted on foot, although the density of the submerged water-weeds frequently arrests our boat. Among the curious birds I kill, figures a duck of very large size, resembling in the matter of plumage the Manilla duck: its beak bears an enormous excrescence. Fishes also make their appearance in shoals, and my negroes, armed with two lines, brought in during a single morning more than 240 lbs. of enormous cat-fishes which they called *m'sopo*. As a provision against bad times, I made them dry a considerable portion.

While studying the hydrography of this district, I continued to kill numbers of aquatic birds; a new kind of teal with a red beak, black and green curlews, geese, greenshanks, snipe, plovers, and lapwings.

On the eighth we re-enter the Urema, and drop anchor at the mouth of a large tributary which discharges into the Pungwé a little below Macuire. Here I obtain, in addition to the species already mentioned, certain rails, in all respects similar to our own, as well as two kinds of ibis, black and white. Puech,

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

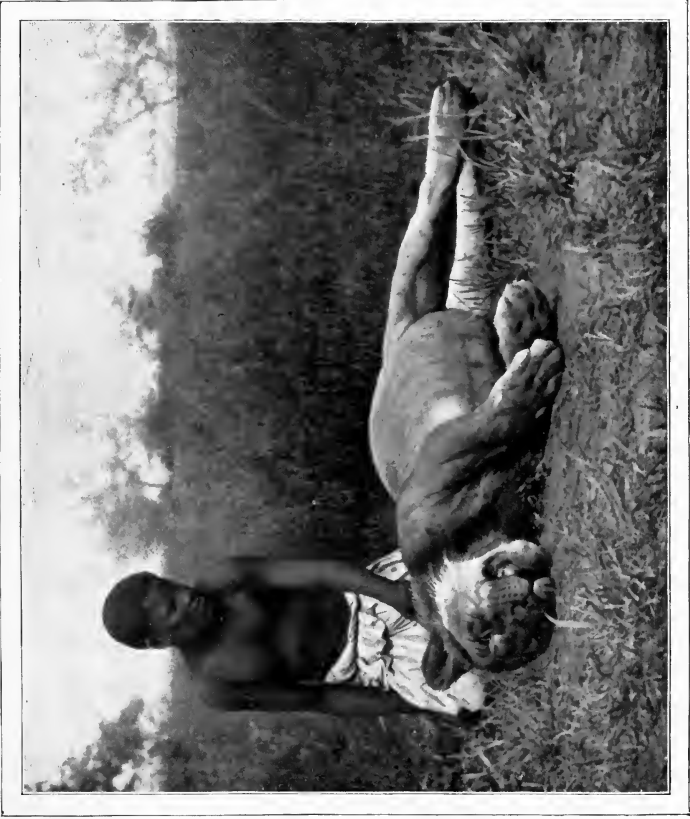
disturbed by reports of a flood up-stream, asks permission to go and see what has happened to his property. I consent and arrange to meet at the mouth of the Urema, where I descend to await him, for the muddy water of the river and the swarms of mosquitos frequenting its water-plants render sojourn here by no means agreeable.

The day after our return to the Mediguedigue the rain recommenced and the waters rise ; the game has disappeared, but the fish increase daily. Among the most curious species, I obtain a kind of spotted cat-fish, the famous tiger-fish, so powerfully armed with teeth, as well as specimens of carps, roaches,¹ perches, etc. I also kill for my collection the beautiful river kingfisher, a bird of the size of a sparrow, violet and blue, with, on its crown, a tuft of feathers resembling a Louis XVI knot.

The rain does not cease, the river continues to rise and bursts its banks. On the 17th of February, in the midst of this alarming flood, I send the cook and my two best boatmen in a canoe to search for means of replenishing our stock of meal in the villages on the left bank.

They had gone two hours, when there arises a terrific storm of wind ; and driven by the blast, the waters invade the banks. The river covers more than six miles. Being unwilling to remain in the stream

¹ These names must be used in a general sense : there are no true roach in Africa. [ED.]



YELLOW-MANED LION



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

of the Pungwé at the mercy of the tempest, which engulfs itself in the attempt, I drive, at the cost of unheard of efforts, on to the flooded banks, and cause the anchor to be dropped. Unfortunately, this holds badly ; and, under the stress of the tempest, drags twice. Twice, after an effort rendered the more difficult by the absence of three men, I bring the boat back. She is again drawn back, and I foresee the moment when we shall be carried away by the furious current, when by good luck the anchor catches among the reeds on the bank and holds fast. I lighten the boat by striking the awnings, and we remain there till the arrival of the canoe. The latter tows the boat, and we proceed inland, where the surface is already covered with three feet of water.

In the evening the wind blows with renewed fury, the squalls being accompanied with terrific scuds of rain. Under these circumstances I again lower the tents, not wishing to find ourselves carried in the middle of the night into the stream of a river which is now bringing down tree-trunks of sixty feet in length. My wife and myself spend the night in the cabin, full of anxiety, while the negroes shiver under the linen sail. At dawn the weather improves, although the flood does not abate. I start out to shoot, and see the arrival of the first egrets, attracted by the inundation. I shoot one, which falls into a marsh, and when one of my negroes proceeds to retrieve it, a crocodile shows itself close to the man. My only

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

weapon is the 20-bore, charged with No. 4; I fire both barrels at a distance of some twenty feet into the flank of the reptile, which disappears amid a great commotion of the water. Two days afterwards I find the carcase on the bank, and can distinctly trace the course of the pellets. It is thus evident that the flanks of a crocodile can be penetrated not only by a bullet but likewise by shot.

On the 20th of February Puech arrived, having made all his possessions secure. On the 22nd we re-enter the stream of the river, and on the 23rd reach M'sassa Barao. It is a station of the Gorongoza Company, built on a chain of hills dividing the Mediguedigue from another branch of the river, which is called the Pungwé-Mufo. Although it has no custodian, we install ourselves in the open house. We are always more protected than on the boat, and meanwhile I continue my work, remaining at this spot from February 24th till March 4th. While making my cartographical survey I kill a good number of animals, as the island abounds in game. It was here that Puech and myself bagged two waterbucks, six reedbucks, three bushbucks, four oribis, a number of geese and ducks, two egrets, and two lesser bustards. I had also the good fortune to take in a trap set for a leopard, of which I had seen the tracks, a big crocodile, which permitted itself to be stupidly put to death without offering the least effectual resistance.

On the 4th of March two negroes, whom I had



ILES DE CHILDONE

BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

engaged as guides from one of the chiefs of the island, piloted our boat and made the ascent of the Pungwé-Mufo. All along this river numerous villages have been built ; the majority of the inhabitants of which arrived only a few years ago, as emigrants from the Busi. Good sailors and great fishermen, they are likewise excellent husbandmen, raising as many as four or five crops of maize per annum, according to the extent to which the waters abate.

The Pungwé-Mufo brings us to the Mediguedigue, which we cross ; and as the floods are still considerable, we cast anchor near to the Urema, on the border of a swamp where I recently killed a crocodile.

Some new water-fowl have arrived, and I obtain two kinds of ducks, some herons, and the three species of egrets known here. The largest has black legs and feet, the latter marked with green ; it is of the size of a big heron, and carries on its back from thirty to forty-three sprays of the much-appreciated plumes. A second and smaller species is distinguished by its yellow beak and legs and the presence of a tuft of plumes on the throat : it has only from eighteen to thirty sprays on its back, but these are finer. The smallest is the cruciform egret, recognisable by its black feet, yellow legs, and black beak. On its head are two long plumes, from the throat hangs a tuft, while on the back one may gather from fifteen to twenty sprays of beautiful plumes bent back in the form of a cross. All these birds are protected, and it

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

is with difficulty that I am able to acquire for my wife and some of her friends a small quantity of the plumes.

All night long we hear the hippopotamuses snorting ; it is a fortunate time for them—that of the floods, they can bathe at their ease. On the 12th of March a big male came close up to the fires of the boat grunting. I ask myself whether he is going to attack the boat, but I do not give him time, for I shoot him in the head at four yards' distance, and on the morrow we find him dead stranded among the reeds. This and a civet, which I caught in a trap, are the only mammals I kill ; but I also shoot a crocodile and a number of monitors.

As the water lowers we are compelled to come to anchor in the Urema. On the night of the 20th of March we are awakened by a snorting followed by a terrible shock. The boat seems for a moment to be crushed. It is an enormous accumulation of water-plants, some two hundred yards long by fifty yards in width, and of great thickness, which is floating by. It is fortunate that we are in a bend, and that the mass merely rubs us, without dragging us down with it. As a matter of fact, the Urema, during the months from May to January is scarcely navigable for more than four miles, the rest of its course being completely choked with the annual growth of aquatic vegetation. When the floods come the moorings of these floating plants break, and at the close of the inundation the whole accumulation



MY LAST LION BUT ONE ON THE TENDO

BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

descends to the sea by way of the Mediguedigue in formidable masses.

The Urema is a deep river, from seventy to one hundred yards in width, which really seems to play an important part in the traffic of the country. Between the mouth of the Zangwé, a tributary of the right of the Zambezi, and that of the Urema an affluent of the left of the Pungwé, we may recognise a difference of level of a dozen feet. It results from this that when there is heavy rain in the Zambezi district and but little in that of the Pungwé, the river in flood dams the course of the Zangwé, which, flowing in the reverse direction, mingles with the Urema in the district of the Chibanté. Between the Zambezi and the Pungwé is a natural communication which, at the cost of a little trouble, could be converted into a canal, in some ways as useful as a high road. For no one knows but that the Zambezi, an eminently capricious stream, may not sooner or later shift its channel a mile or two away from Lacerdonia, the terminal station of the future railway.

It may be objected that the ascent of the Pungwé is difficult. This is no doubt true, but it might be easily improved. Then, again, that the weeds in the Urema block the communication. Also true, but in the rivers of Florida similar masses of weed are found and the Americans have imported special machines to clear the waterways of these plants. The work is not expensive. There might, then, be opened a

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

navigable channel permitting a passage from Beira to Port Herald without transhipments.

The same day we depart and drop the anchor near the mouth of the Urema, where I remain for three days to finish my work. During this period, except for a couple of pelicans, my game-book is not enriched by any novelties. On the 24th we reascend the Mediguedigue, thanks to a reinforcement of half-a-dozen stalwart men. We have to fight against a furious current, and it takes us three days to reach Macuire, whence to gain Chitengo it occupies two days more. We leave the boat in front of that village, with two negroes in charge of her; while we make an excursion, not on the Sungwé, which is in flood, but on the small adjacent plains. I am anxious before my approaching departure, to shoot some more lions, a by no means difficult matter according to the reports of the natives.

On the 30th my available men, assisted by some Chitengo negroes, transport our luggage a short distance from the M'sicatzí hard by a marsh known to the Kafirs as the reed-swamp. We make an enclosure of thorns, and on the first day shoot three gnus. I give one to the Chitengo people, a second to our own negroes, while the third serves as bait. During the night I am seized with an attack of fever, which I fight with antipyrin and quinine; but I support the infliction the more cheerfully as I hear the lions roaring all around, and dream of splendid sport.



NATIVE WITH A CARUNCULATED DUCK



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

The next morning I proceed to the bait, which I find untouched. During the day I come on a party of negroes hunting. Being frightened, they at first take to flight, but, having recognised me, come to see me, knowing that I am not in the habit, like the Portuguese, of reporting them to the police. I enquire for news of lions ; they indicate the district of Sagredo as being populated with these robbers, and I promise to kill them a zebra if I find a lion at the bait to-morrow. They tell me they are going to camp in the forest to await the annual migration of elephants, which come from the Barwé, and after crossing the Nioronga, traverse the district and reach Chiringoma.

The information of the negroes is good. On arriving the following day at the spot where I had left our gnu, I find a groove indicating that the carcase has been dragged. After following this for some three hundred yards, I observe a spotted lion under a tree. I whistle in order to apprise Puech, who is walking close by me. At this slight noise the lion rises and growls ; but before he has finished this demonstration he falls with a bullet in the middle of his neck. Before returning to camp, mindful of my engagements, I shoot the zebra which I had promised to the natives.

As I had heard during the night lions near our camp, I prepare a bait about half-a-mile distant ; and the following morning break the loins of a lioness, who was so busily engaged in devouring it that she did not hear my approach to within a distance of forty paces.

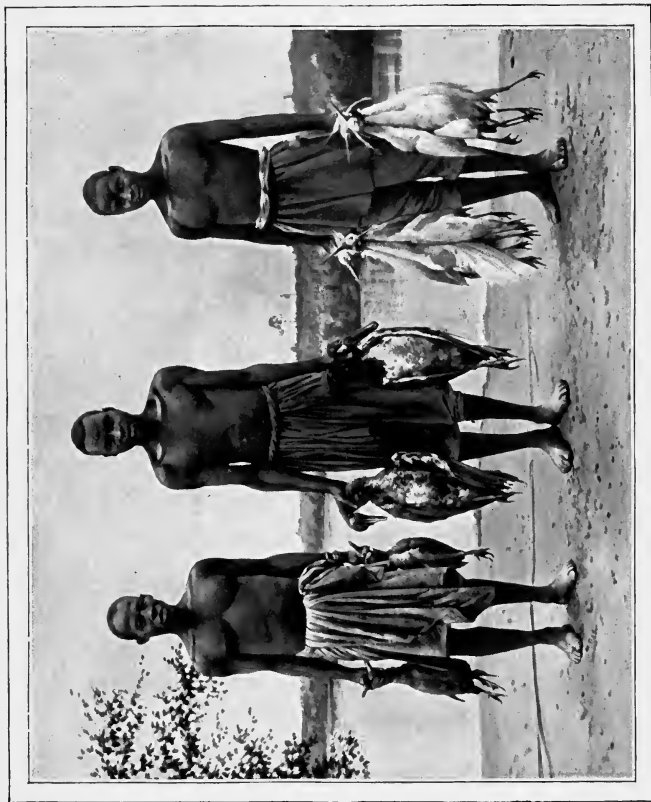
SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

Encouraged by this success, I kill another gnu in the same neighbourhood, close to a tree which the negroes point out, the bark of which is marked with cicatrices caused by the talons of the lions, which come here to sharpen their claws. As we are at dinner a mad gallop and a hoarse sound in proximity to the camp announce that his majesty the lion is hunting, and I offered prayers that the growling would lead to my bait. My wishes were accomplished ; at day-break I shoot the finest lion I have yet killed ; he was a grand beast, measuring about ten and a half feet in length.¹

Although we start for Chitengo on the morrow, I try yet another chance on the same spot ; and on April 5th, with my last bullet fired in Africa, kill a fine lion, which appeared much disturbed by my matutinal visit. My final ball was well planted, and I was fortunate in finishing my hunting with such an excellent shot. In addition to these lions, I had also killed a good number of gnus, zebras, and palas. Returning on the evening of April 5th to Chitengo, we start thence at dawn on the 6th. Three long days are necessary in order to reach Guengeré.

On the 10th, our baggage despatched, we reach Bamboo Creek, and the following day are at Beira, where the *Kanzler*, the same vessel which brought us, takes and lands us at Zanzibar, whence we embark on the *Djemnak*, of the Messageries Maritimes. On the

¹ 3 metres, 45 centimetres.



WHISTLING TEAL, BLACK GEESE, AND EGRETS



BETWEEN THE ZAMBEZI AND THE PUNGWÉ

15th of May, 1907, we land in France, after a three years' absence, with an emotion always experienced in returning to one's own country.

The scientific results of these three years of travel have been particularly rich.

In the first place, I have been enabled to rectify the map of this little country, so imperfectly known from a geographical point of view, and to add a modest supplement to the great works of the late Edmund Foa.

I have, moreover, brought to the Museum 53 kinds of quadrupeds, 118 of birds, more than 18,000 of insects, 500 species of plants in a herbarium, 63 of venomous serpents, batrachians, and fishes, 250 mineralogical specimens, many land-shells, worms, threadworms, etc.

The enclosures of our national zoological gardens have been enriched by two kinds of serpents, one very venomous, which lived there more than two years; while the conservatories have received 79 species of plants, one of which, recognised as new, was described last year under the name of *Trinum vassii*.

Other new forms have likewise been recognised in other groups.

A new antelope was named after me by Professor Trouessart; while a new kind of fish has been named by Dr. Pellegrin.

The working-out of the collection brought home will take several years; up to the present a dozen species

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

have been determined to be new, and bear my name or that of my wife.

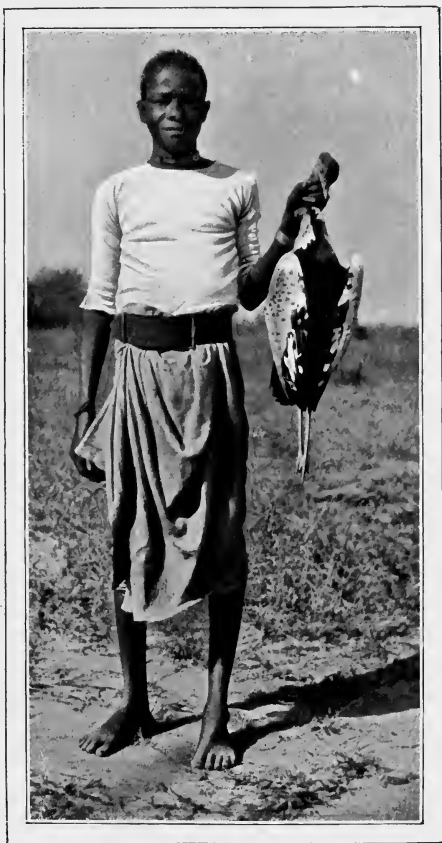
Finally, I have presented to the Pasteur Institute a quantity of material for the study of bacterial diseases, with a report illustrated by photographs.

As to the sporting part, the reader will find in the Appendix to this volume a list of the weapons and cartridges used during this expedition.

My temples are growing grey, and repose will soon be essential to the "globe-trotter." No matter! Have I not smiling by my side her who has been my companion in these memorable hours? Have we not collected during our youth more souvenirs than are required to supply our whole life?

Age, thou canst come!

One piece of advice, reader;—do the same.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN BUSTARD

APPENDIX

A. LIST OF THE SPECIMENS

Collected by William Vasse between the years 1904 and 1907 inclusive, in Eastern Portuguese Africa.

(a) QUADRUPEDS.

Elephants	2	
Hippopotamus	1	
Buffaloes	3	
Elands	4	
Kudu	1	
Gnus	90	One killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Waterbucks	35	
Lichtenstein's Hartebeests	30	One killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Sable Antelopes	16	
Reedbucks	38	
Bushbucks	55	
Oribis	28	
Palas	9	
Red Duikers	7	
Klipspringers	3	
Zebras	27	
Wart-hogs	12	
Wild Pigs	8	
Porcupines	4	One killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Duikers	3	
Blue Duikers	6	
Hares	16	One killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Pangolin	1	
Palm-rats	7	
Lions	23	
Leopards	21	Two killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Hyænas	16	" " " "
Wild Dog	1	

SPORT IN MOZAMBIQUE

Wild Cat	1	Killed by Mrs. Vasse.
Civets	3	
Genets	3	
Ratel	1	
Mongoose	3	
Apes, of three kinds . .	12	
Squirrels	8	

Total 498

(b). BIRDS.

Waders	{	Egrets, 3 kinds ; Marabouts ; Herons, 4 kinds ; Ibis, 3 kinds ; Crowned Crane ; Flamingoes, 2 kinds ; Stork ; Spoonbill ; Snipe ; Red- shanks	}	606
Water- Fowl	{	Black Spur-winged Geese 24 Zanzibar Geese 6 Whistling Teal 46 Carunculated Ducks 3 Manilla Duck 1 Pochards, 2 kinds 3 Teal, 2 varieties 9	}	92
Guinea-fowl, ordinary and vulturine				70
Plain and Mountain Partridges				80
Bustards				4
Quail				56
Rails, black, red, and maroon				9
Water-birds (Pelicans, Cormorants, Kingfishers, etc.) . .				22
Green Pigeons				56
Turtle-doves, 3 kinds				194
Birds-of-Prey (Eagles, Vultures, Kites, Falcons, Sparrow- hawks), Ravens, Owls				86
Various species				284
Total				1,559

APPENDIX

(c). REPTILES.

Crocodiles	6	
Monitors	6	
Pythons	4	
Cobras	13	
Puff-adders	3	
Various Snakes	17	
						<hr/>	
					Total	49	
						<hr/>	
					GRAND TOTAL		2,106
							<hr/>

B. LIST OF AMMUNITION.

Rifle-cartridges—							
Certus express	136	}	1,791
Mannlicher	670		
Mauser	533		
Martini	27		
Carbine: French	125 long bullets		
And 300 grooved							
Smooth-bore cartridges—							
12-bore	1,750	}
20-bore	1,800	
						<hr/>	
					Total		5,341
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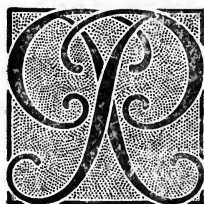
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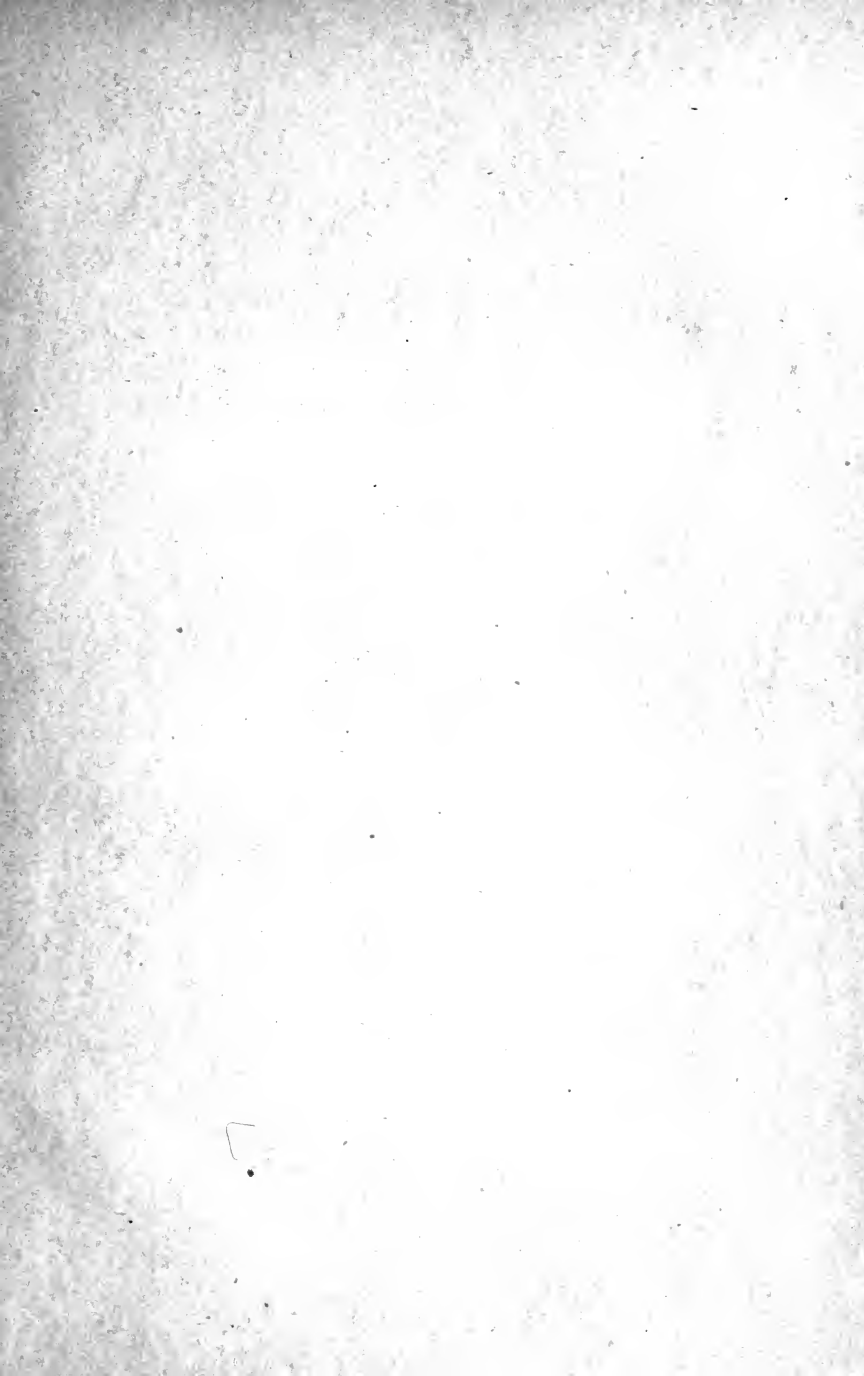
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